

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS

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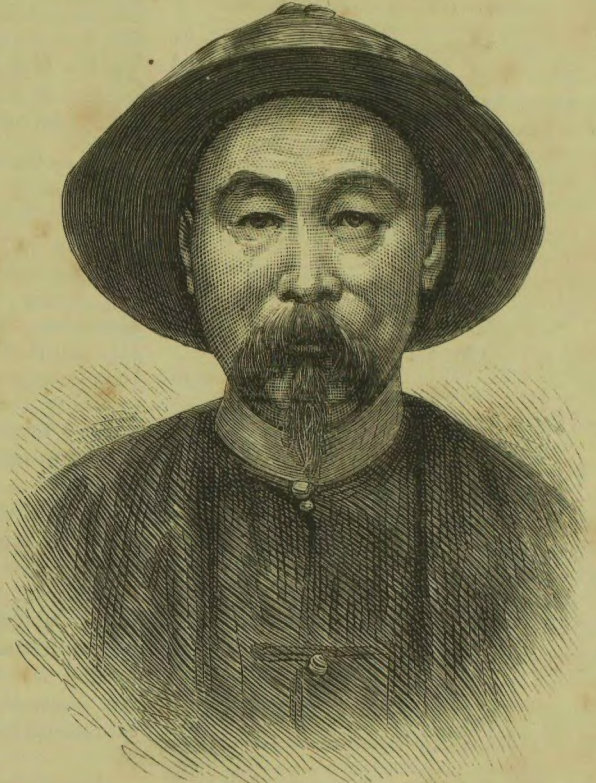
No. 2333.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS, SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE MARQUIS TSENG,
CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND.



LI-HUNG-CHANG,
THE PRIME MINISTER OF CHINA.



CHINESE ARTILLERY AT NINGPO.

BIRTHS.

On the 29th ult., at Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, Lady Cremorne, of a daughter.

On the 25th ult., at Albury, Oxon, the Lady Caroline Bertie, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 27th ult., at the parish church, Newbury, the Rev. W. H. Gooch, Vicar of Royston, to Edith, third surviving daughter of Joseph Bunney, Esq., M.D., of Newbury.

On the 27th ult., at the parish church, Grimley, Worcester, the Rev. F. Bickerton Grant, of Bodenham, Hereford, to Cecilia, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry East Havergal, Vicar of Cople, Beds.

DEATHS.

On Christmas Day, at De Montfort-square, Leicester, Emma, the beloved wife of I. P. Clarke, Esq., J.P.

On Dec. 23, at Caravahn, Cavan, Ireland, Louisa Mary, widow of the late Right Rev. Charles Leslie, D.D., Lord Bishop of Kilmore, and daughter of the late Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir Henry King, K.C.B.

At Landour, Himalayas, on Friday, Aug. 21, of erysipelas, Elizabeth Frances, relict of the late James D'Oyley Carter, Assistant Accountant-General, N.W.P., and second daughter of the late Edward Maxwell, B.C.S. Circuit Judge of Murshedabad, aged 71 years and 7 months. Deeply regretted.

On Jan. 1, at Micklegate House, York, Margaret Sarah Crompton, fifth daughter of the late Joshua Crompton, Esq., of Esholt and Azerley Halls, Yorkshire, aged 86.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and

London Bridge
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d. Including Pullman Car.

Cheap Half-Guinea First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via

NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. All Services 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 35s., 24s., 15s.; Return, 55s., 38s., 24s.

Powerful Pacific Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside steamers at Neuchâteau and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton

Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KILGAT, General Manager.

CANNES.—The Committee of Local Interest are desirous

of making known to intending visitors to this deservedly recommended

resort that the general public health was never more satisfactory than at present.

The hotels, villas, and pensions are rapidly filling with English families, many of whom annually visit the town, either to repair their health or profit by a residence in a place so remarkable for the softness of its air, the mildness of its climate, and the beauty of its luxuriant vegetation—and, at the same time, to find a shelter from the piercing mistral, the damp breezes of the east, and the cold and penetrating north winds.

During the summer recess everything that could be done to contribute to the improved health of its visitors has been accomplished, as far as time would allow, and the continuance of which work will ever be the earnest study of the municipality and town of Cannes.

New sewers have been successfully laid down under the advice and superintendence of an English Engineer and surveyor of renown, and a thorough revision of the Town drainage has been effected, at a cost exceeding £10,000.

A New Grand Boulevard has been opened, fresh roads constructed, and water of the purest brought from afar.

For the accommodation of such persons and families as may contemplate a sojourn at Cannes, there are nearly 600 Villas, furnished, and upwards of Seventy Hotels and Pensions. Some of the Hotels have been constructed on the grandest scale compatible with sanitary arrangements, and the comfort of English with European luxury. In many, lifts have been provided for the more easy access to their many hundred rooms, commanding magnificent views, with south aspect, and sheltered position. Beautiful gardens, with Lawn-Tennis Grounds, and other outdoor pastimes, have been provided to make the time glide pleasantly away.

There are shops where every article of English requirement can be obtained: beautiful promenades, Churches of several denominations, Clubs, Theatre, Casino; English Doctors, Dentists, and Chemists; English House Agents, Bankers, Wine Merchants, and Libraries.

The following visitors have arrived—Lord and Lady Acton, the Marquis and Marchioness Ailsa, Lord Dunsandle, Lord Keane, Lady Lettice, Lady Molyneux, Lady Beaumont, and Lady Poltimore—together with upwards of 500 English families. The Empress of Russia is also expected, as also many Princes and Monarchs.

Cannes, Dec. 3, 1883.

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements:—

OPÉRETTES
Between Dec. 15, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. LE PETIT DUC.

LE PETIT FAUST. LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists, Assisted by a Company of Forty-five Artists and Chorists.

ITALIAN OPERAS.
Jan. 19 to March 15.

The following Operas will be given:—

IL BALLO IN MASCHERA. FAUST.

FRA DIAVOLO. RIGOLETTO.

IL TROVATORE. AIDA.

PRINCIPAL ARTISTES:
Mesdames Fides Devries, Messieurs Pandalphine,

" Novelli, " Bonny,

Monsieur Mierzwinski, " Verguet,

The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several

GRAND CONCERTS.

at the termination of which another series of OPÉRETTES will be produced

between March 15 and April 15.

TIR AUX PIGEONS.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES—JANUARY TO MARCH.

Friday, Jan. 4, 1884: Prix de Janvier. Monday, Jan. 21: Grand Prix du Casino.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each. Work of Art and 20,000, added to 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 7: Prix W. Call. Tuesday, Jan. 22: Repetition Grand Prix du Casino.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each. Work of Art and 20,000, added to 200f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 11: Prix Patton. Thursday, Jan. 24: Prix de Monte Carlo.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 500. each. Work of Art and 3000f., added to 100f. entrance.

Wednesday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. Saturday, Jan. 26: Prix de Consolation.

Work of Art, added to a poule of 100f. ea. Work of Art and 1000f.

Friday, Jan. 18: Prix d'Ouverture. Conditions not yet fixed.

Work of Art and 2000f., added to 100f. entrance.

PROGRAMME OF BI-WEEKLY MATCHES.

Friday, Feb. 1: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix de St. Quentin.

Monday " 4: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix A. Yeo.

Friday " 8: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix C. Pennell.

Monday " 11: Three Pigeons. Prix Roberts.

Friday " 15: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix Hoopwood.

Monday " 18: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix Lafont.

Friday " 22: Three Pigeons, 25 metres. Prix Esterhazy.

Monday " 25: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix du Comité.

Friday " 29: Three Pigeons, 27 metres. Prix Cammer.

Monday, Mar. 3: Handicap, Three Pigeons. Prix de Mars.

N.B.—The prizes in the foregoing consist of Works of Art, added to a Poule of 500. each.

GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE.

Wednesday, March 5, A Work of Art, and 3000f., Twelve Pigeons; of which Six at 25 metres.

Thursday, March 6, A Work of Art, and 3000f.; Six Pigeons, at 25 metres.

A. BLONDIN.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessee and

Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, A New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey, Author of "The Parvenue," &c. Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Miss H. Lindley, Miss Cowie, and Miss Everett Lawrence; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. G. Trent, Mr. Maurice, Mr. C. Seyton, Mr. Challinor, and Mr. John Clayton.—Box-Office hours, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.40.

MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE MILLIONAIRE,

SATURDAY, JAN. 12, at 2.30. Doors open at Two o'Clock.—COURT THEATRE.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—100TH REPRESENTATION,

FRIDAY, JAN. 11.—COURT THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—The MOORE and

BURGESS MINSTRELS' NINETEENTH ANNUAL SERIES OF

NEW-YEAR'S FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES,

EVERY AFTERNOON AT THREE. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT,

Until Jan. 12,

after which date the Day Performances will be resumed in their regular order.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME,

which has been in daily rehearsal for many weeks past, will be

REPLETE WITH THE CHOICEST GEMS OF MELODY,

sung by the world-famed Choir of the Company.

NEW AND SPARKLING SCENTILLATIONS OF GENUINE BUT

REFINED HUMOUR.

SIDE-SPLITTING BURLESQUES AND COMICALITIES

BY THE POWERFUL PHALANX OF COMEDIANS.

The day performances will be precisely the same in every respect to those given at night, and without curtailment or mutilation; yet terminating in good time to admit of visitors dining and afterwards going to see one of the Pantomimes at night.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 36, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

INSTITUTE

OF

PAINTERS IN

OIL COLOURS,

PICCADILLY.

OPEN FROM 10. a.m. to 6 p.m.

THE GALLERIES are ILLUMINATED on DARK

DAYS, and after 3 p.m. Every Day.

Admission, 1s.; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LAMHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE RENT, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, MASTER TOMMY'S SCHOOL. Concluding with a new Second Part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Polix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

So far as the weather was concerned, the Christmas week

was gloomy almost beyond precedent. Its lowering

clouds and dripping fogs, which, as someone has said,

were not wet enough to require umbrellas, were all the

more unpleasant in consequence of the bright sunshine

and lovely crimson sunsets that extended far into

December. The very idea of a country stroll on Christmas

Day and the succeeding Bank Holiday was preposterous.

It was depressing to see the half-empty tram-cars, and

to know that the ample arrangements made at the

railway termini for a great influx of passengers were

of little avail. Nevertheless, Christmas is a holiday

under the most untoward circumstances, and in many

respects a moist but mild season is better for the

masses of the population than the ground covered with

snow, or iron-bound with frost. To hundreds of thousands

the external dreariness was forgotten in the indoor cheer-

fulness, and the merry-making of reunited families. And

to multitudes, whose ties of kindred are less exacting,

Boxing Day brought its accustomed mild excitements in

the shape of excursions to the Crystal Palace, public

exhibitions and theatrical entertainments.

One reads with a glow of pleasure, and almost of envy, of

the abundant provision made for the enjoyment of the unfor-

tunate in workhouses, asylums, and hospitals at Christmas-

tide, when rigid officialism is discarded, and the ready

sympathy of well-to-do volunteers is lavished in strenu-

ous efforts to brighten, for even a brief period, the

hard or suffering lot of the inmates of such in-

stitutions. Another pleasant feature of the Christmas

week has been the exemplary behaviour of the masses of

the population. Judging from the police reports, there

was less of drunkenness and misconduct than usual,

though the incitements were stronger; for the public-

house profits by bad weather. Slowly but surely, popular

tastes are becoming more refined; and if the abject poor

still abound in our large cities, the public conscience as to

their condition was never so sensitive, nor were adequate

remedies so vehemently demanded.

The solution of this terrible problem will have to be

attempted in the New Year that has dawned upon us. As

time elapses and information increases, it becomes evident

that the law is powerful enough, with some further

strengthening, to substantially abate overcrowding and

its attendant evils. This is the opinion of Sir Richard

Cross, whose name is honourably associated with the move-

ment for the better housing of the poor, as well as of Sir

Charles Dilke, who has been personally inspecting the

back slums of London. The Nuisances Removal Acts and

the Public Health Acts are stringent enough in respect

to the owners of houses and tenements, and if

rigorously administered they would go far to suppress

the worst scandals of our metropolitan rookeries.

What is needed in London is the systematic zeal and

resolution which have transformed the wynds of Glasgow

and the fever-dens of other provincial cities, and the

indefinite multiplication of philanthropists like Miss

Octavia Hill, who not only study the question but give it

a practical direction. Many such are to be found; nor can

it be doubted that the local sanitary committees which

are being organised under the auspices of the Lord Mayor

will provide a promising sphere for willing workers.

These voluntary agencies, and a healthy public opinion

keeping the responsible authorities up to the mark, will,

we may confidently trust, work wonders during the next

twelve months in carrying out this great social reform.

The hopes expressed last week, when the last days of

1883 were ebbing away, as to the preservation of the

general peace are a shade less bright now that 1884 has

dawned upon us. In political and international affairs,

the unexpected always happens. The assassination of the

head of the secret police at St. Petersburg and the mur-

derous attack on his subordinate is melancholy proof that

the Nihilist conspiracy has not been crushed in Russia;

and if it be true that the Czar was about to grant some

substantial political concessions to his subjects, his Ma-

esty will probably now withhold the boon, and renew

a repressive policy which is likely to provoke further

outrages. This is a dismal prospect for the Russian

people.

Of greater present interest to Europe in general is

the campaign in Tonquin. The capture of Sontay by

Admiral Courbet, after four days' continuous fighting,

has not had the decisive results anticipated. That com-

mander, while leaving a garrison in the place, has fallen

back on Hanoi, and will await the arrival of further rein-

forcements before advancing upon Bac Ninh. His diffi-

culties are great, owing to a defective commissariat, the

presence of an active enemy in his rear, and the hostility

of the natives. The delay in military operations is all

the more serious as the rainy season is approaching. A

few days ago the semi-official papers in Paris were advoc-

ating the seizure of Hainan, or some other islands on the

Chinese coast, as a material guarantee against the hostility

of the Court of Peking, whose troops, with the Black Flags,

are believed to have fought against the French in the

defence of Sontay, and with a view to extort an indemnity.

This ominous demand, which has not since been repeated,

may have been only a feeler. But it affords melancholy

proof that our neighbours, or at least those who have a

potent influence over the Government, are apt to cast

aside moderation in the hour of victory.

Whether such tactics would lead to European com-

plications or force China into open war it is premature to

inquire. But well-wishers to the French Republic must

look with some dismay upon its future prospects. The

Chambers have adjourn

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

A Happy New Year, ladies, gentlemen, and children! The last week of the old year did not, it must be admitted, "pan out well," meteorologically speaking; since I read that from the observations taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, for the week ending Saturday, Dec. 29, 1883, the "registered sunshine" is stated to have been "nil." Let us "cast away nothing," and hope for the best. The Cimmerian darkness in which London has been shrouded since I returned from sunny climes (we had some rare fogs in Milan) must have done somebody good. The shareholders in the gas companies and the manufacturers of candles may look on umbrageous days with some complacency. On the other hand, the people who seem to me to be the most deserving of pity under the present murky condition of the atmosphere, are that desperately hard-working and not very well remunerated class, the omnibus-drivers. They do their best to drive steadily and safely; but with a leaden pall hanging over the streets all day, with a greasy and slippery pavement, and a normally congested confluence of vehicles, the public are in continual peril of being run over; and the most cautious of omnibus-drivers runs an equal risk of being suddenly pulled up in the dock of a police court on a charge of manslaughter.

A Happy New Year to us all! There may be, it is evident, profound wisdom in the tritest of truisms; and who shall deny the sapience of the following words in a leading article in the *Times* for Jan. 1:—"Nobody is obliged to keep New-Year's Day who does not choose. To some minds all anniversaries are uninteresting. To not a few those are particularly offensive which call marked attention to the flight of time." How many thousands of mature spinsters—aye, and of old bachelors—are there to whom the commemoration of the advent of another year may be "particularly offensive"? Yet are there ways even of diverting attention from "the flight of time." I read lately—in the *San Francisco News Letter*, I think—of a lady who had just celebrated "the eleventh anniversary of her thirty-fourth birthday." Here was a judicious mode of clipping the wings of time.

There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; but who shall say how many are the good resolutions which we make on New-Year's Day? It is perilous, I cannot help thinking, to make too many good resolves, especially in the direction of economy. Some years ago I lived in a place called Thistle Grove, Brompton; and I was accustomed to go thence every day in a hansom cab to a newspaper office in the City, returning to Brompton per hansom in the evening. Fare each way, half-a-crown. One First of January morning I was gravely struck with the wicked extravagance of spending five shillings a day in cab fares. "No more hansom for me," I mentally resolved. "In future I will travel to and from Fleet-street by the Underground Railway." A virtuous resolve.

I walked to South Kensington station, and duly took my return ticket. There was a Scotch mist abroad and, damp to the skin, I had laid the foundations of a fine catarrh or ever I had entered the railway compartment. The odours of the Underground half choked me; and the slamming of the carriage doors at the different stations so jarred on my nerves that I quite forgot the exordium of a leader on the Convivial Habits of Infusoria, which I had mentally planned before leaving home. I had forgotten, too, that I had to go to the play in the evening; and it was past midnight before I could start for home. So I had to take a hansom for Thistle Grove. Arrived at my destination, I paid the driver, as I thought, three shillings, not being able to find a sixpence in my pocket. The driver wished me good-night, quite cordially, and drove away very rapidly; and when I went indoors I discovered that, by mistake, I had given him three sovereigns. He did not turn up the next morning with two pounds seventeen shillings change. I wonder what he and his family had for dinner next day. Hot roast pork with raspberry jam, and muffins and crumpets, with treacle, to follow? Old ale and strong wine as potables? Since that time I have abstained from making virtuous resolves on New-Year's Day.

Have you read the report of that Thames Police Court case in which an assistant master at a school in the Commercial-road was charged with "assaulting" a little boy by tying up his tongue with a leathern strap, the end of which was affixed to the back of a chair? The little boy, it seemed, had been talkative in his class—a not uncommon offence with little boys—he had been caned unavailingly, and this tongue-tying chastisement was resorted to, the teacher pleaded, to "shame" the urchin. The father of the boy, however, resented the tongue-strapping as "a brutal indignity" inflicted on his child, and summoned the usher before a magistrate. Mr. Saunders dismissed the case, qualifying it as "trivial and trumpery," and pointing out that the tongue-tying "was an admonition to the child not to talk any more. No punishment was intended, and no punishment was inflicted."

This case, all "trivial and trumpery" as the magistrate declared it to be, illustrates, nevertheless, in a sadly significant manner, one of the gravest of modern educational difficulties—that of devising means for making boys behave themselves. Out of our great public schools—where obedience to authority is traditional, and, in cases of grave misconduct, it is a question either of being punished or of leaving the school—resistance to and defiance of scholastic authority seems to be the rule rather than the exception; and, in too many instances, unruly children are backed up in their insubordination by their parents.

There is a general consensus of opinion against corporal punishment in schools; but, having got rid of the old method, we seem to have failed in discovering a new one—except "Moral Suasion," which is rather a vague remedy—for preserving discipline. Parents righteously object to their naughty children being locked in dark cupboards or kept on

"short commons," and they even object to their being "kept in." Long tasks are said to be injurious to the health. The dunce's cap, I suppose, is exploded. In Mulready's picture of the "Last In," now in the Vernon Collection, you will see an urchin with a shackle round one ankle, chained to a log of wood. That is to prevent his playing truant. Such a means of repressing a tendency to run away would, in these days, be resented as "a brutal indignity." What would be said of a modern school-mistress who, in order to humble the pride of a refractory pupil, dressed her up in the garb of a charity girl, and made her wear the humiliating costume for an entire day? Yet such was the "admonition" prescribed by a right reverend Bishop for the youthful Princess Charlotte of Wales when she had been naughty.

Mem.: A glance at a file of American newspapers will often bring to light records of the most fantastic punishments devised by the ingenuity of transatlantic "school marm's" for the correction of school-children, who, in that Land of Liberty, are not supposed to be beaten. I have read of one case in which the instructor forced the bad boys to chew bitter aloes; and in an American infant school I have seen a child with its head in a linen bag. I remember, too, reading a speech once delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips, in which he mentioned the case of a school-teacher who only inflicted corporal punishment *à la Turque*—that is to say, by having the bad boys bastinadoed on the soles of their feet.

Of all the modern workers in the field of what may be termed Shakspearean discovery there is not one who has shown himself more enlightened, more indefatigable, more devoted, and more single-minded than has Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, F.R.S., whose "Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare" (now in its third edition) has been received with general applause, and whose recent and successful efforts in opposition to the "trouble-tombs" who would have tampered with that hallowed grave at Stratford-on-Avon, entitle him to the gratitude of all English-speaking people. I am right glad to find that at a recent meeting of the Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon it was unanimously resolved—

That this Corporation, feeling sensible of the interest taken in their ancient records by Dr. Halliwell-Phillips, and gratefully acknowledging the important services rendered by him at various times in regard to them, desires to express its regret that he has thought it necessary to abandon the work entered upon in autotyping the records of a special interest; and the Corporation desires to say that the confidence it has always placed in Dr. Halliwell-Phillips has never been withdrawn, and trusts that arrangements may be made by the newly-appointed record committee which will enable him to resume his valuable services to the Corporation.

But I am reminded that, happily, the love of an appreciation of Shakspeare's writings is no longer confined to "English-speaking people," and to the great German nation. I bought in Rome the second volume of that great post-humous work of criticism, "Les Deux Masques," by the late Paul de St. Victor. One hundred and eighty-five pages are devoted to the examination of the plays of Shakspeare—an examination of a nature wholly different from that adopted by any former French critics of the Bard. The peroration of this Shakspearean study is in style so splendid that I will not venture to spoil it by translation:—

Si *La Tempête* est, en effet, la dernière œuvre de Shakspeare, cet adieu ne semble-t-il pas un testament solennel prononcé par lui?—C'en est fait, il quitte cet empire magique du Théâtre, qu'il a rempli d'apparitions grandioses et charmantes. Il se retire, comme les patriarches, sous son murier de Stratford, fatigué, comme eux, d'avoir engendré des peuples. Juliette n'aura plus de scurs, Hamlet mourra sans postérité: Miranda est sa dernière fille.—Dissipez-vous, forces créatrices! Démones sacrés, repliez vos ailes! Génie, qui résidais sous ce vaste front, perds-toi dans l'espace et remonte au ciel! Shakspeare abdique, le grand Pan est mort! Comme Prospero, il a brisé sa baguette, et il a jeté son livre dans la mer, à une profondeur que la sonde n'atteindra jamais!

Some time ago a lady (herself a recognised culinary authority) asked me for a recipe for a cheap English *bouillabaisse*. I could not easily light upon one. Such a recipe is to be found, I think, in "Soyer's Culinary Campaign"; but I have mislaid that entertaining little work. Here, however, is a very near approach to a cheap and simple *bouillabaisse* formula, communicated by—whom do you think?—Captain Marryatt, the novelist, in a letter to Lady Blessington.

Feb. 1, 1833.

Split a cod's head, and put it, with two haddocks, my dear Countess, into a kettle containing two quarts of cold water and an onion chopped fine. When it has boiled a quarter of an hour take out all the fish, cut off the heads, trim and fillet the haddocks, pick out the best part of the cod's head—such as the tongue, underjaw, &c.—and lay them aside. Put back into the kettle the remainder of the cod's head and trimmings of the haddocks and let them boil till the liquor is reduced to a pint and a half; and then strain off. Thicken the soup with the yolk of two eggs, well beat up; add some chopped parsley and a little salt. Then put in the fillets of haddock (each cut into four pieces) with the portions of the cod's head—boil till sufficiently done; and you will have a capital soup *à très bon marché*.

The casual mention of Alexis Soyer, the Countess of Blessington, and the author of "Peter Simple," naturally recalls to mind the image of the defunct Gore House, Kensington, erst the home of William Wilberforce; then, under the auspices of Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, a brilliant rival to Holland House; then turned into a cosmopolitan restaurant, under the name of "Soyer's Symposium"; and ultimately purchased by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851. The Royal Albert Hall stands on part of the site of the house and grounds.

But there is another name—well, not of fame, but of notoriety—which in my mind will always be associated with the once *cari lughi* of Kensington-gore. It is that of the recent Mr. Thomas Holloway (or Brown?) of whom and of whose millions we have heard so much. I knew the "Professor," slightly, between thirty and forty years ago; and always found him "a good sort of man." That he should have died so immensely wealthy is all the more noticeable when it is remembered that in his early business transactions he was certainly not fortunate.

But my remembrance of him in connection with Gore House is somewhat droll. While Soyer was transforming the

interior of Lady Blessington's coquettish mansion into a kind of day-night-mare of Vauxhall—with its "Hall of Architectural Wonders," its "Blessington Temple of the Muses," its "Cabinet de Toilette à la Pompadour" (this had been the Countess's boudoir), its "Grand Comic Staircase," its "Bower of Ariadne," and its "Door of the Dungeon of Mystery," Society used to drop in to see the painters and decorators at work, and Soyer himself, in a velvet cap and a flowered dressing-gown, scattering instructions broadcast, chattering with his guests, and singing snatches of French songs. Those—the first weeks of 1851—were the days before Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Whistler, the *Æsthetes*, and the Professional beauties, the "First Nighters," and the "Private Viewers."

Still, we had a tolerably representative show of notabilities, especially on Sunday mornings, when Gore House was thrown open to everybody who was anybody. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. (he presented Soyer with a quotation from "Coningsby," beautifully printed on white satin, fringed with gold); Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir George Wombwell, Benjamin Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre; Albert Smith, Jullien, Prospère, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, George Cruikshank, Charles Kean, "Dickey" Doyle, "Graveyard" Walker, Alfred Bunn, the Great Wizard of the North, and the Prince de Joinville made a conspicuous gathering. Nor do I forget Sir Charles Fox and Sir Joseph Paxton (not yet knighted, however) from the Great Exhibition over the way. These were among our Sunday morning visitors. I say "our," for, in an obscure literary and artistic way, I was engaged at the time in blowing the bellows of the great Gore House organ on which the kindly French chef played so flourishingly.

One Sunday "Professor" Holloway came. As I have said, I had some slight knowledge of him. Presently arrived Mr. Thackeray, arm-in-arm with, I think, John Leech; and the "Professor" whispered to me how supremely happy he would be if I would present him to the author of "Vanity Fair." I hesitated at first; but, fancying that I discerned a benevolent twinkle beneath the great man's spectacles, I took heart of grace, and did the "Professor's" bidding. It is no secret to those who really knew the illustrious William Makepiece that he could say upon occasion things which made you intensely uncomfortable. Thus, when (with Mr. Thackeray's permission) I had gone through the ceremony of introduction, he made the "Professor" a very low and stiff bow, and said: *I hope, Sir, that you will live longer than your patients.* Tableau.

A sham Chinese Mandarin, one of the Sheriffs, and Charles Mathews the comedian happily supervened, and the Professor drifted away in the throng of sightseers. But about half an hour afterwards I met Mr. Holloway at the entrance-gate just as he was departing, and he delivered himself of this remarkable utterance, "That Mr. Thackeray may think himself a very clever man; but I fancy that I could buy him up, ten times over." The "Professor's" good nature, however, speedily reasserted itself, and, shaking my hand cordially, he said: "Good-by, Sir, I am very much obliged to you; and if you ever start a periodical I shall be happy to give you a half-page advertisement." He went away, and I never saw him any more; although, scarcely more than a year ago, I had a very kind letter from him. No; not at all a bad sort of man.

"The Lehigh Burr." What, on earth, I asked myself, is the "Lehigh Burr?" when I opened a neatly printed small quarto magazine purporting to be No. IV. of Vol. III. for the month of December, 1883. Where is Lehigh; and what is a Burr, at least, in connection with a magazine? On closer scrutiny I found that the "Lehigh Burr" is published at "Bethlehem, Pa." That set me on the right track. Forthwith I had recourse to "Appleton's Railway Guide to the United States and Canada," and found that Bethlehem, in the State of Pennsylvania, is a flourishing town of more than ten thousand inhabitants; and that on a spur of the Lehigh Mountains above the town is the Lehigh University, founded in 1865, and liberally endowed by the Hon. Asa Packer. It is under the control of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and tuition in all branches is free.

In the opening article of this smartly-written collegiate magazine I find a slight theological savour.

In regard to the Burr's scheme for chapel absences, it is said that many of the men would take liberties with the truth. If it comes to a question of lying, it seems to us that the present tell-tale system, when the frequent mistakes in the tally are corrected on the simple assertion of the student, offers greater temptation and opportunity for conscious and unconscious lying than one in which the men are put upon their honour, and are granted certain privileges on condition of their acting in a strictly honourable way.

Good for Lehigh! I like the expression, "Conscious and unconscious lying." It is evident that the study of casuistry is not neglected at the establishment at South Bethlehem, Pa.

Nor are the more amene branches of letters neglected in the "Burr." Hear the bard who sings of "A Girl I don't want to know":—

As I sit by my window and grind
At any one hour of the day,
My brain's set ablaze by a maiden who plays
The piano just over the way.

When I'm busy with Math. or with German,
My temper is apt to give way,
When "Sweet Violets" she thrums as she violently drums
The piano just over the way.

To my correspondents all over the world who may be growing impatient of the delay which has taken place in answering their communications, I would respectfully point out that there stands invitingly by my side a clothes-basket full of letters, newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets, all as yet unopened, but to all of which I intend to devote attention, when I have a little time. Unfortunately, there are not thirty-six hours in the day, and in the normal twenty-four one must have a few hours for eating and sleeping. But all the letters, &c., will be perused and noted in time. G. A. S.



SKETCHES OF THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.



ARABS OF THE SOUDAN.



EGYPTIAN GENDARMES AT THE GOODS STATION, SUEZ, EN ROUTE FOR SOUAKIM.

THE CHINESE MINISTERS.

The dispute between the French Republic and the Emperor of China, respecting the military occupation of Tonquin, has certainly not been ended by the recent capture of Sontay; but we have no fresh event to record this week. The Marquis Tseng, who is the accredited Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, as well as Special Envoy Plenipotentiary to France, has quitted Paris, leaving only a Secretary of Legation there, and is likely to remain in England for some time. We present the portrait of this able and accomplished Chinese diplomatist, who is a man of enlightened views, appreciating the best features of European civilisation, and has gained many personal friends since his first coming here in 1879. The title of "Marquis" is one of those lately borrowed from Europe by the Chinese Empire; and there are likewise "Dukes," "Counts," and "Barons," in the Chinese official and social hierarchy, as now constituted; but these titles are not strictly hereditary, though by special favour they may be passed on from a distinguished man to one of his sons. The other portrait we give is that of Li-Hung-Chang, the actual ruler or chief administrator of the Chinese Empire, being Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chih-Li. The Emperor of China, Kwang Su, when he came to the throne in 1875, was a mere child. The government had been carried on previously under the joint Regency of two Dowager Empresses, the widows of T'sien Feng, who died in 1862, and latterly by his brother-in-law, Prince Kung. It has now devolved practically upon Li-Hung-Chang, a distinguished statesman and military commander, who co-operated with Colonel Gordon, in 1860, for the suppression of the Tai-ping rebellion. We shall probably hear more of his services to the Chinese Empire. Military preparations have been actively going on for some time past; and an illustration of the Chinese artillery at Ning-po appears in this Number of our Journal.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

A strange obscurity still hangs over the actual position of affairs in the Soudan, and it is not yet known where the Mahdi's army is, nor have we any trustworthy information of the state of the Egyptian garrisons, except at Khartoum, where Colonel Coetlogon is in daily expectation of being attacked. There is news of an engagement between the hostile Arabs and the garrison of Ghezireh, near Berber, who beat off their assailants. No advance has yet been made by the troops from Souakim on the road to Berber; and it is believed that there are about a hundred thousand of the enemy to oppose them. The most contradictory and perplexing rumours arrive at Cairo from different quarters, none of which can be relied upon. The gendarmes and troops now assembling at Souakim, under General Baker, seem to be of a mixed description, and there are no present means of transport across the Nubian desert. Our illustrations represent the arrival of some Egyptian gendarmes at Suez, for embarkation, to be conveyed down the Red Sea; and other scenes of this military bustle, which does not promise to make a very effective force, or to ensure the speedy reconquest of the Soudan.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

The juvenile playgoers of London will by this time have got some acquaintance with the provision made for their entertainment at the principal theatres during the present season. At Drury Lane, first of all upon such an occasion, there is the new Christmas pantomime and dramatised fairy-tale of "Cinderella," with its beautiful scenery, splendid dresses, grand processions, and the very pretty ballet-dancing performed by the young pupils of Madame Katti Lanner. The assemblage of a troop of girls accoutred as fox-hunters, in pink satin cutaway coats, buckskin breeches, and top-boots, is a decided novelty, though all persons may not admire its taste. The humorous parts assigned to Messrs. H. Campbell, H. Nicholls, and F. Storey, are sustained with much comic effect. At Her Majesty's Theatre, by the aid of the popular Vokes family, and other clever performers, the old story of "Red Riding Hood" is presented with great animation; and the scene in which one person is transformed into a wolf, another into a fox, and a third into an ape, by the stroke of the enchanter's wand, is managed with remarkable skill; but the making of the wonderful rabbit-pie, and boiling the old lady in her own scullery copper, are somewhat too much prolonged. "Puss in Boots," at the Standard Theatre in Shore-ditch, with the swarm of cats playing all manner of surprising pranks; "The Golden Ring," at the Alhambra, with the perilous sea voyage to the Isle of Storms; and "Jack and Jill," at the Surrey, where abundance of drollery is displayed, offer considerable choice for the amusement of an evening; and we hope there will be many thousands of young people so easily amused.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 12.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6.

Second Sunday after Christmas. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Epiphany. 3.15 p.m., and 7 p.m.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah xlii., or lx.; St. James's, noon, probably the Luke iii. 15-23. Evening Lessons: Bishop of London.
Isaiah xlii., or xlv., or xlix. 13-24; John ii. 1-12. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., 3 p.m. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. H. White; 7 p.m., Rev. B. Jackson.

MONDAY, JAN. 7.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales born, 1864. London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. H. Seebohm on Arctic Siberia.
Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Mr. J. E. British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m.
Hodgson on Painting; and on Chemical Industry Society, 8 p.m.
Thursday. Opening of Exhibition of Old Masters. Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.
Victoria Institute, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, JAN. 8.

Horticultural Society, 11 a.m. Biblical Archaeology Society, anniversary, 8 p.m.
Cambridge Hilary Term begins. Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. H. H. Johnston on the Ethnology of the Congo, &c.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dean Dewar on Alchemy. Burgon on Divinity (four days).
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., address by Sir J. W. Bazalgette. West London Hospital, concert at
British Orphan Asylum, Slough, elections. Kensington Townhall, 8 p.m.
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9.

Literary Fund, 3 p.m. Geological Society, 8 p.m., papers by
Humbert L., King of Italy, accession, 1878. Professor J. F. Blake and Mr. A. J. Metcalfe.
Geological Society, 8 p.m. Society of Arts, 7 p.m., Juvenile
Microscopical Society, 8 p.m. Lecture, Mr. J. M. Thomson on
Graphic Society, 8 p.m. Crystals and Crystallisation.

THURSDAY, JAN. 10.

London Institution, 7 p.m., Mr. Alfred Tylor on Celtic and Roman Britain. Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. Mathematical Society, 8 p.m.
Telegraph Engineers' Society, 8 p.m., address by Prof. W. G. Adams.

FRIDAY, JAN. 11.

Hilary Law Sittings begin. Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.
Astronomical Society, 8 p.m. New Shakespeare Society, 8 p.m., Mr. S. L. Lee on "Love's Labours Lost."
Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m., Mr. Bleshill on Construction.

SATURDAY, JAN. 12.

Full moon, 3.27 p.m. Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Augustus Harris has indisputably won the prize for the best pantomime of the festive season. "Cinderella" (the manifold beauties of which were enumerated last week) is the best Old Drury "Annual" seen for many a year; and large houses are charmed every morning and evening in the week by this brilliant and magnificent realisation of the nursery story. Greatly appreciated also are the quaint and lively children's scenes in "Little Red Riding Hood," at Her Majesty's, whereat the Vokes Family gyrate in company with an exceedingly droll comedian, Mr. James Powers.

Theatrical fare this New Year is considerably "mixed," as Miss Lotta would say—adding, possibly, that the tastes of theatregoers are also various. But, in the language of "The School Boy at Home," "a fellow" must be very hard to please who cannot find amusement of the most diverse nature in town, even when the delights of pantomime are wholly exhausted. Does he incline to classic times? There is Miss Mary Anderson to admire at the Lyceum as a charmingly statuesque and graceful Galatea in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's diverting comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea;" and there is Mr. Wilson Barrett to applaud in the magnificently-mounted play of "Claudian" at the Princess's Theatre. The run of "Iolanthe" having at length terminated, this evening is to witness the production at the Savoy of "a respectful operatic perversion of Tennyson's 'Princess,'" as Mr. Gilbert terms the latest fanciful opera which he has written and which Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed. This new musical piece is entitled, "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant." With comedy and farcical comedy London is plentifully supplied. The admirable acting of Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil has kept on the stage of the Court "The Millionaire," adapted from one of the best novels of Mr. Edmund Yates. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft continue to take the town with Mr. Pinero's "Lords and Commons," at the Haymarket; and another and more sparkling piece by Mr. Pinero, "The Rocket," has brought Mr. Edward Terry into favour again at the Gaiety, whereat this popular comedian afterwards appears with Miss Farren, Miss Constance Gilchrist, Miss Broughton, Mr. Elton, and Mr. Henley, in a new burlesque, "Galatea and Pygmalion," by Mr. H. P. Stephens. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare delight their numerous admirers with their finished performances in the seasonably, judiciously, and successfully revived comedy of "A Scrap of Paper," adapted by Mr. Palgrave Simpson from "Les Pattes de Mouche" of M. Sardou. At the Strand the Compton Comedy Company are playing Holcroft's "Road to Ruin" with spirit. In laughter-moving power "The Three Hats" at the Royalty now vies with the hilarious "Confusion" at the Vaudeville. While, in modern melodrama, "In the Ranks" is still supreme at the Adelphi; though, for sensational effects, "The Crimes of Paris," revived at the Olympic, is not far behind in the race for popularity. As the Temple of Humour, Toole's Theatre maintains its pre-eminence with "Artful Cards" and "Stage-Dora"; but a Sandringham engagement will cause Mr. Toole to close his gay little playhouse on Tuesday next. As for the musical bill-of-fare set forth at the Alhambra, the Comedy, and the Avenue, are not the choreographic splendours and operatic triumphs of "The Golden Ring" now as familiar as the drollery and gaiety of "Falka" and "La Vie"?

G. A. S.

MUSIC.

The first week of the new year offers but little for present comment. The earliest performance of 1884 was that of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Tuesday evening, when the oratorio was grandly rendered in its choral and orchestral details; the solo music having been effectively sung by Miss S. Robertson, Madame Fasset, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Barnby and Dr. Stainer filled their accustomed posts, respectively, as conductor and organist. Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" will be given at the next concert, on Jan. 16.

The new comic opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan is to be produced at the Savoy Theatre this (Saturday) evening. The libretto is based on a previous piece by Mr. Gilbert, founded on Tennyson's poem "The Princess." The former work by the same distinguished collaborators, "Iolanthe," was withdrawn after Tuesday night to allow of the thorough preparation of the novelty. The character of the heroine is to be sustained by Miss Leonora Braham, in lieu of Miss Lilian Russell, as at first intended. The title adopted is "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant;" the work being announced as a respectful operatic perversion of Tennyson's "Princess," the form being in a prologue and two acts. The superintendence of author and composer in its production will, no doubt, ensure the same thoroughly efficient performance as on previous similar occasions.

The first of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts of the year takes place at St. James's Hall this afternoon.

On Monday evening Covent Garden Theatre will be reopened for performances of opera in English by the "Royal English Opera Company," directed by Mr. T. H. Friend. The occasion will bring forward, for the first time in London, an opera entitled "The Piper of Hamelin," composed by Herr Victor Nessler. The English adaptation from "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln" has been made by Mr. Henry Hersee, and the work has been produced by the company with much success at Manchester and elsewhere in the provinces. Of its merits and of its performance we must speak next week.

London music will soon resume its wonted activity. The Monday Popular concerts, and the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith, will be resumed next week. Mr. Willing's Choir, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon concerts, will soon afterwards recommence; the Philharmonic Society will open its seventy-second season on Feb. 21; a new series of performances by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir (conducted by Mr. Randegger) will begin on March 27; Mr. Carl Rosa's company will inaugurate a month's season of performances of operas in English at Drury Lane Theatre on Easter Monday; and the Royal Italian Opera company, directed by Mr. Ernest Gye, will reopen on April 29. Whether there will be any performances of a German Opera company this season—and, if so, under what conditions—remains to be spoken of hereafter, together with other features of the coming season.

The buildings in Stone-buildings, Lincoln's Inn, until recently used as the offices of the Chancery Registrar's Department, having been converted, by order of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, into chambers for the use of the members of that Inn, are now completed and ready for occupation.

Mr. Russell Lowell has resigned the office of Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, to which he was recently elected by the votes of the students. In notifying his resignation, Mr. Lowell says he has had regard to the difficulties in discharging the full duties of the Rectorship in a Scottish University arising out of his position as Ambassador for America to this country.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, New-Year's Day, 1884.

The Parisians are beginning the new year with the usual hurry-scurry of visits and present-giving. The young folk and the women are happy because it is they who receive presents; the men are irritated and inclined to grumble, for it is they who have to loosen their purse-strings. In point of fact, this present-giving on New-Year's Day, with the accompaniment of tips to door-porters, servants, waiters, postmen, street-sweepers, telegraph boys, newspaper carriers, and all the miscellaneous persons who render some service or another to households, has been carried to such an excess that it has become a burden and a nuisance; it upsets everything and everybody, and gives nobody any particular pleasure. This year there is nothing remarkably new in the way of *étrennes*, unless it be that bonbons are going out of favour, as also is the sending of visiting cards by post; the correct thing this year is to send to your lady friends bouquets of lilacs, roses, or rare flowers.

The topic of the week has been the dispute between the students and M. Jules Vallès. In his journal, *Le Cri du Peuple*, M. Vallès allowed one of his writers to make a furious attack upon the students, and to charge them with cynicism, imbecility, bestial corruption, debauchery, empty-headedness, and general rottenness. The students held indignation meetings, formed processions, and demanded retraction. M. Vallès refused. Then the students delegated two of their number to challenge two of the writers of *Le Cri du Peuple* to a duel. The writers refused to meet the students anywhere but behind a barricade; and so, after a week's discussion, the matter has ended. M. Vallès, who is a violent and picturesque writer, turning round and round about one dozen rhetorical figures, like a tiger in a cage, has just published a book on London, where he spent nine years of exile. The volume is a large folio, illustrated with twenty-three etchings and numerous drawings, by A. Lançon, of some merit. M. Vallès' text is furious, excessive, inexact in details; but it is interesting, and there is much truth in his criticism of our manners and temperament. The general impression of M. Vallès is that the English are a nation of gloomy, melancholy hypocrites. The title of this volume is "La Rue à Londres" (1 vol. folio, Charpentier).

The Chamber of Deputies broke up for the holidays on Saturday with a violent scene. M. Jules Ferry announced that the great business of the Chamber in 1884 would be the revision of the Constitution, and that it would therefore be advisable to avoid introducing too much miscellaneous business. The deputy-poet, Clovis Hugues, took offence at a phrase of M. Ferry's about "those who asked for the revision in the hope that it might be refused them," and ended by calling the Premier "an insolent fellow." Thereupon the *Censure* was voted against M. Hugues, and he was expelled from the Chamber. M. Hugues will be excluded from the next fifteen sittings of the Chamber and lose half his pay during two months, that is to say 750f. Struck with the inequality of the effects of the *Censure* on rich and poor deputies, a movement is being organised to obtain, early next Session, the suppression of the pecuniary part of this punishment, which the President of the French Chamber so often has to apply.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the death of Gambetta, his friends, the gentlemen who form what is known as "Gambetta's tail," made a pious pilgrimage to the house at Ville d'Avray where he died. A catafalque had been erected in the mortuary chamber, and a few wreaths were sent. The attendance was pitifully small. M. Paul Bert made a speech, and expressed the hope that they, the friends of the great man, would soon be able to come and plant before his modest door "tricolour flags that shall have known victory." Les Jardies, Gambetta's house, and previously the house of Balzac, has been given to Gambetta's friends by the family, and is to be kept up as a show place. Baedeker and Cook will please take notice.—In the theatrical world we have to record the fair success of a new operetta by Audran, the author of "La Mascotte." It is played at the Bouffes, and entitled "La Dormeuse Eveillée." At the Comédie Française, an ideal actress has been found in Mlle. Marsy, a blonde person of nineteen summers, possessing great beauty and great talent. She made a brilliant début last week in the difficult rôle of Celimène, in "Le Misanthrope;" and the critics are all agreed that she will be a second Mars or a second Arnould-Plessy. At the Italian Opera a Polish lady, Mlle. Félicia Litvinoff, likewise very young and very beautiful, has made a successful début, and seems likely to become famous.

T. C.

Sir Edward Malet, the newly appointed British Envoy to the Belgian Court, was received in audience by the King on Monday, and presented his credentials.

In Berlin the customary New-Year's Day reception took place at the palace, after the Emperor had attended service in the cathedral. His Majesty gave no general address at the Levée.

Whilst 2000 persons were assembled in the Church of St. John, in the Favoriten Quarter of Vienna, to hear a sermon from a Jesuit missionary, some Socialists raised anti-Jesuit cries, which led to a panic; but no lives were lost.

The condition of the Emperor of Russia has considerably improved, and his Majesty enjoys much better sleep.—Much alarm has been caused by the murder of Colonel Sudeikin, the head of the secret police in St. Petersburg. The murder was committed by Nihilists in a house on the Nevsky Prospect, to which the deceased officer was enticed by false information of an intended Socialist meeting.

The Egyptian garrison of Gezireh on Friday last week successfully repulsed an attack made by the rebels, after six hours' fighting. The commander of the defending force was among the killed.

Two hundred armed whites entered the jail at Yazoo City, Mississippi, recently, and killed an imprisoned negro who resisted their attempt to seize him. They also killed a negro whose cell door they could not open. Two other negroes were taken out of the prison and hanged. The four murdered men were regarded as the principal authors of the murder of some whites last Christmas Eve.—Mary Livermore, with other advocates of women's rights, on the 26th ult. unveiled in the South Meeting House, Boston, a statue of Harriet Martineau. Addresses were made eulogising her character. A large audience attended.—The emigrants who arrived at New York last year number 400,447 against 445,480 in 1882.

A riot has occurred at Harbour Grace, in Newfoundland, between Orangemen and Roman Catholics. It is stated that two on each side were killed, and several other persons injured.

The mail from Cape Coast Castle brings news that sixty-eight of the seventy children of King Koffee Kalculli have been killed.

Lord Headley has been elected a representative Peer for Ireland, in the room of the late Lord Mountcashell.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AT THE
GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Sir Coutts Lindsay and the other directors of the Grosvenor Gallery are conferring a peculiar boon on the art-loving public by holding exhibitions of the collective works of eminent English artists. We may gather an author's books from various sources; we may possess ourselves of a "complete edition" of them, but so many works of our leading painters pass into private hands, and some of those painters can be or are so imperfectly represented even in our National Gallery, that periodical reunions such as that which, thanks to the concurrence of the generous owners, now forms so potent an attraction at the noble rooms in Bond-street, is necessary to enable all but a favoured few to adequately estimate the masters of our school. This series of exhibitions might well, indeed, have commenced with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, instead of reserving them till now. It may, perhaps, be justly contended that Hogarth was, in point of time, the real founder of the English school—the first thoroughly native painter, racy of the soil, and by his art and his matchless satirical genius having influence on the masses, at least through his engravings; an admirable portrait painter to boot, and deriving, probably, less of his technique from the Dutch than did Reynolds from the Italians. Nevertheless, in the popular mind, Sir Joshua will always retain much of the far greater prominence he acquired in his own day—so important is his figure in the very centre of the literary, political, artistic, fashionable, social, and, we should add, scandalous circles of his day; so valuable are his works, even as mere illustrations of his surroundings; so serviceable and timely were his position, influence, and talents in the formation and establishment of a Royal Academy of Arts, when such an institution was greatly needed in this country.

The assemblage of Reynolds's works now at the Grosvenor Gallery is the largest ever brought together—larger than the series at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Manchester; larger than the collection at the British Institution in 1813; larger even than the great display made in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867. It is also representative of all that is best in Sir Joshua's art. A few popular favourites are not here; but, on the other hand, there are some little-known examples which are equally or more charming. There is a comparative absence also of large and "historical" canvases; but, as Reynolds is often least successful when most ambitious, this is not much to be regretted. On the whole, however, we have the pick and flower of Sir Joshua's art; and we cannot too thankfully acknowledge the generosity of the owners of these treasures, many of which are lent to public exhibitions for the second, third, or fourth time in recent years.

Lord Spencer lends nine of the Althorp pictures, although so lately exhibited at South Kensington; Lord Albemarle sends several of the Keppel family, including the Admiral, without whom we might have never known Reynolds as he is; the Duke of Devonshire shows the famous Duchess and her child; Sir Charles Mills exhibits the portraits that he has lately bought at such large prices; Lord Carlingford lends the three Ladies Waldegrave; and liberal contributions have been made from the collections of the Dukes of Hamilton, Westminster, Leeds, Marlborough, and Buccleuch; Lords Brownlow, Carnarvon, Cathcart, Dartmouth, Donington, Fitzwilliam, Hardwicke, Hertford, Lichfield, Morley, Northbrook, Pembroke, Waldegrave, Warwick, Wharfedale, and Yarborough; Lady Holland, the Dowager Lady Castle-town, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Frederick Leighton, the Dilettanti Society, Dr. Hamilton, and Mrs. Gwatkin—a descendant of Sir Joshua's "Offy." From the Queen's collection also comes the famous "Iphigenia." It is not possible within our limits to describe this magnificent collection. It would be still more absurd to attempt to recall the associations attaching to nearly every portrait. Happily, most of the personages represented are familiar to all; and of others less known there are interesting notes, by Mr. F. G. Stephens, in the catalogue. We have only one complaint to make, and that is at the absence of an approximate chronological arrangement in the hanging. An opportunity was offered here for making such arrangement with little trouble, at least as far as regards the earlier pictures, and there can be no question that it would, by showing the growth and development of Sir Joshua's powers, have been most instructive to the young student and artist. We propose, then, to simply enumerate in the first instance the principal and most characteristic specimens. We may then select some typical illustrations of the successive stages of Sir Joshua's practice; and we shall then conclude with a few observations upon the technical achievements of the painter relatively to those of the old masters by whom he was mostly influenced, and upon those qualities in which he was entirely original—in which he rendered, with a sensitiveness that is almost unique, a new and pure sentiment and spirit and grace that seem distinctively modern—that seem, indeed, peculiar to English womanhood and childhood, and as remote from the sensuous fascination of Greuze as from the divine ideal expression of Leonardo.

The collection opens with some of the many portraits of the artist painted by himself, generally in his robes as President of the Royal Academy—of which there is a sample in the gallery of such portraits in the Uffizi at Florence. The most interesting of these is a profile taken in old age. We then come to a bust of Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue, in "Love for Love"—the first of many theatrical portraits. The finger to the mouth, with saucy assumption of coy simplicity as she waits for her awkward lover's advances, is characteristic, but otherwise the work is not of much account. Passing a head of Sir George Beaumont—the pallid brilliancy of which is doubtless due to the fading of the glazes (glazes of the vegetable colours Sir Joshua used, which are as fugitive as they are beautiful)—and the whole-length of "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," which has been ruined by restoration, we come to the more noticeable half-length of Mrs. Nisbett as "Circe," with drugged cup and wand, and a panther and white cat, types of treachery, at her side. The half-closed eyes of the sorceress are also indicative of crafty cruelty. It is a most stately portrait, beautiful in conception. The two large groups of members of the Dilettanti Society are among the finest examples of the painter's ripest powers. Hanging between them is the more slight but graceful and famous group of the three Ladies Waldegrave—which is understood to have suggested Mr. Millais's similar portrait piece of the three Miss Arnstrongs. The whole-length of Elizabeth Gunning as Duchess of Hamilton should be interesting, as representing one of the lovely sisters whose success in society was greater than that of even any "professional beauty" of our day; but, unhappily, the condition of the picture affords little warrant to contemporary eulogy. "Muscipula"—a little girl with a mouse-trap—is one of the most popular, but one of the least well-drawn of Sir Joshua's many child subjects. The archness of childhood he sometimes rendered with a Chinese obliquity of the eyes and an angularity of the lips that are decidedly exaggerated. We pass, as we must needs continue to do, portraits of celebrities to pause before "The Nymph," a superb piece of glowing colour, painted in an evident emulation of Titian, of which we shall speak further when we come

to the "Iphigenia." The charming group from Blenheim of "The Young Fortune-Tellers," lately at the Academy, will be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. The "Mother and Child," which is instinct with a sentiment of maternity that never fails from such groups by Reynolds; the effective half-length of the Countess Powis in her great hat, which was also recently at Burlington House; and the little Prince William Frederick, in a Vandye dress, and in a similar attitude to one of the portraits of Charles I. by that master—but none the better in so far as this resemblance subsists—brings us to one of Sir Joshua's greatest works—the Duke of Westminster's original of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse—for the Dulwich picture is only one of three replicas. This noble composition—which, with the figures of Crime and Remorse behind the throne, reminds one of the Sibyls and Prophets of the Sistine ceiling—is one of the very few instances in which Sir Joshua's profound admiration for Michael Angelo is apparent in his works. The colouring, however, of the tawny brown robes and bituminous background, though grave and dignified, scarcely attains the height of the conception.

A picture which will be new to many besides ourselves, yet one of the gems of the collection, is the whole-length of little Miss (Jessie) Cholmondeley, wading a brook and carrying her dog before her by its forelegs with its back huddled to her breast in a very childlike fashion. The naive spontaneous action, the modelling, which is much more complete than usual, and the general technical excellence will give this work a very high place in the estimation of artists. We need not dwell upon the splendid whole-lengths of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, and her little son; or the pretty fancy of "The Infant Academy"—in which the face of the little model has some of the exaggeration we noted in "Muscipula," nor on the well-known portrait of the rugged Lord Chancellor Thurlow, nor on that of the young Lord Althorp, lately at the Academy, nor on the half-length of Joseph Barretti, though exceptionally fine, nor even on the superb group at the head of the room of the Duchess of Devonshire playing with her little daughter perched on her knee; a picture of Rubens-like animation and exuberance, which was also lately at Burlington House. Between these last are several works revealing the painter's more or less early manner, to which we shall have occasion to return. Perhaps the most interesting portrait not yet mentioned in this large or West Gallery is that of Dr. Johnson, given by the painter to Boswell. Unhappily, however, it is one of the weakest portraits Reynolds ever painted.

In the East Gallery we again meet several well-known favourites from the Spencer, Keppel, and other galleries, particularly Lady Anne Bingham, Lavinia Bingham, her face half in the shadow from the broad brim of her straw hat (a difficult effect Reynolds loved to encounter, and always vanquished, but never with more exquisite transparency and truth of tone than here); Mrs. Hartley, with her child riding pick-a-back, one of Sir Joshua's most complete works, the head of the mother in perspective perfectly drawn, and the expression of the little Bacchanal indescribably happy; Fanny Kemble, the handsome sister of Mrs. Siddons; Lady Elizabeth Foster, with her *espiègle* expression; the Collina which charmed the visitors to the Academy a few years back; and the group of Georgina, Countess Spencer, and her child, who appears as the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and herself in turn a mother in the picture painted seventeen years later, which we have already described. Other interesting works in this room are the portraits of the beautiful but ill-used Countess of Pembroke, and the following more than commonly characteristic male portraits—i.e., those of the Lord Rothes, Lord Cathcart, with the black patch over the wound in his face he received at Fontenoy; and Lord Hardwicke, in his peer's robes, admirably painted though it may be by only one of Sir Joshua's clever "drapery men." As already said, we shall refer to the "Cymon and Iphigenia" when we come to speak of Reynolds's technical practice. Among the imposing whole-lengths in the entrance-room is that of Captain, afterwards Admiral Keppel, who gave the young painter a passage in his ship to Italy, where, by a two-years' residence at Rome, Reynolds so changed and improved his style. And it was this picture, painted as early as 1753, which, on the artist settling in London, at once won him a reputation as an original painter of the highest promise. We conclude our preliminary survey with mention of a small family group in the fourth room, lent by Mrs. Skirrow, representing Edward Gordon, his sister, Mrs. Miles, and her husband. Few would recognise this as a work of the master, but it is stated to have been painted at an early age by Reynolds at Mr. Edward Gordon's house at Bromley, and to have remained in possession of the family till now; moreover, it clearly shows the influence of Hudson, Sir Joshua's master; and Reynolds is known to have painted similar "conversation pieces" in the Dutch manner—as did Hogarth and Gainsborough. It must, we think, date at least as early as 1746, when the painter was twenty-three; for on his second return to Devonshire he acquired qualities of breadth, freedom, colour, and impasto (due, no doubt, to the teaching and practice of Gandy, of Exeter), which are distinct from the precise drawing and modelling and careful characterisation and finish noticeable here—excellent attributes though they be of a young painter's work, and constituting this particular example one of the best and most peculiarly interesting pieces of its class of the time.

Further remarks we must reserve for a future article.

In the Bankruptcy Court on Monday petitions for liquidation were filed by Alexander Brogden, M.P., and Henry Brogden, his brother, the liabilities of each being above £700,000. A meeting of creditors is to be held on the 23rd inst.

As was expected, the arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada were an increase on those of the preceding week, and were quite up to the average of recent weeks; the total imports being 2070 cattle, 3435 sheep, 8057 quarters of beef, 1485 carcasses of mutton, and 99 hogs.

The *Publishers' Circular* states that of the 4732 books published in 1883 works of theology numbered 794; juvenile literature, 741; educational books, 556; history and biography, 404; art and science, 354; works of fiction, 349; year books, 315; essays, &c., 256; travels, 210; the remainder were pamphlets and medical and legal works.

On Monday morning the Duke of Westminster, Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire, on behalf of the magistrates of the county, presented Mr. Horatio Lloyd, Judge of the Cheshire and North Wales Courts and Deputy-Chairman of the Cheshire Court of Quarter Sessions, with a purse containing 1000 guineas, a silver salver, and an illuminated address, in recognition of his long services to the county of Chester.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book for 1884," in its tenth year of publication, is a work which in each succeeding year proves of additional service to the investor and broker alike. It is compiled from official reports, and is a trustworthy indicator of the position and value of existing joint-stock enterprises in all parts of the world. The publishers are Messrs. Cassell and Co.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The New Year is considered to be commercially and financially opening with some promise. Certainly there is complete quiet. In no direction is there excitement or inflation, and as we have just passed through a period of liquidation, it is most natural to conclude that the ground is prepared for a return movement. It is always difficult to say how near a long-current movement may be to the end, but it is no less certain that every movement does come to an end, and it seems as if that which prevailed throughout 1883 was now nearly exhausted. On that supposition it is interesting to take note of the outside conditions. As regards politics, the difficulties in Egypt and the relations between France and China are the only centres of uneasiness. The former very much concerns Egypt and those who hold her bonds or trade with her, but the general volume of business is not likely to be affected by what is purely local to Egypt. As regards France and China, there is evidence that both parties are beginning to fully realise what a grave thing a real conflict would be. As to the peace of Europe, progress has been made during the past twelve months. The restlessness of France has ended in knitting all the Powers together as a measure of defence, and in their union is security that for some time to come we are not likely to have a European war.

But business men view with anxiety the state of France herself. Her form of government and her financial condition are regarded as alike insecure; but, happily for us, there is now the least possible connection between the French and the London markets. A financial or political crash in France would, no doubt, give a shock to all other principal markets; but, the first blow over, it is likely that little more notice would be excited, since the combination of the outside Powers would keep any political disturbances from overrunning the frontiers, and financial disorders would but further demonstrate how immensely superior is London as the international place of safety for money and securities. Moreover, as capitalists we are not doing much for foreign nations. Our chief interest just now is the opening up of non-political regions to population, cultivation, and trade; though what will become of Europe when all this is done and she sinks into her relative territorial position, burdened with military exigencies and public debt as she must continue to be, is not to be thought of without misgiving.

The London banks have already begun to make known the dividend result of the half-year which ended with Monday. The following day the directors of the City Bank announced that they would again pay 10 per cent per annum. This rate has now been paid for fourteen consecutive half-years. By the time these notes are read several of the other companies will no doubt have supplied their rates. The City Bank distribution corroborates the recently-expressed estimate that, in spite of the low value of money, the banks would, as a body, be able to maintain the scale of recent dividends. The failures which alone seem able to encroach on that have not been numerous, and they have been scattered over the country. As the City Bank notice makes no reference to an addition to the reserve fund, it is just possible that in other cases less than usual may be done in that direction.

By the death of Colonel Edward Chaplin there are vacancies on the boards of the following companies:—The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, the Great Northern Railway, and the United Land Company (Limited). T. S.

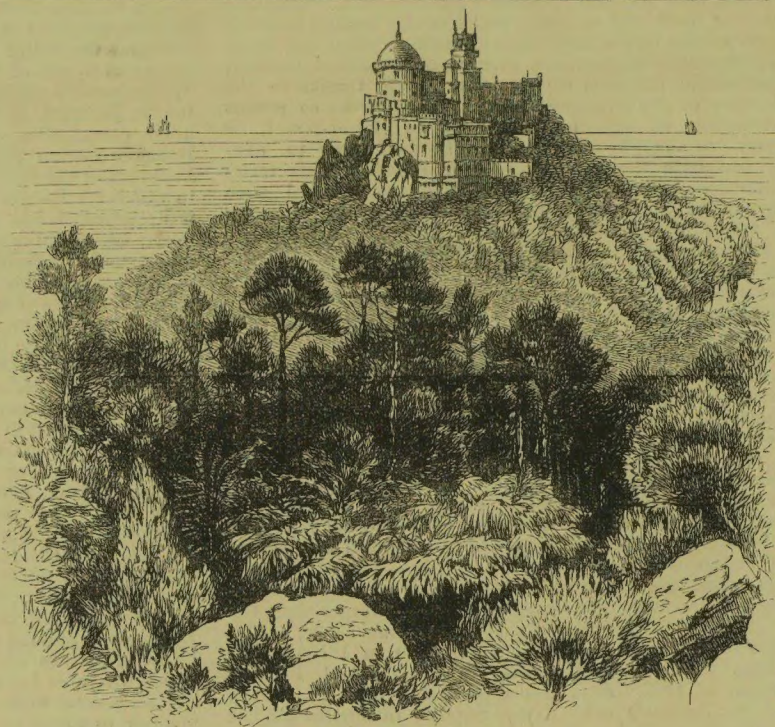
RAMBLING SKETCHES: LISBON.

We commence this week an intended publication, from time to time, of "Rambling Sketches" of picturesque places at home and abroad, having the same kind of interest as the "Leaves from a Sketch-book," which occasionally appeared in former volumes of this Journal. The amount of verbal description needful to accompany them must depend on the comparative novelty and peculiarity of the subject in each instance. Lisbon and its neighbourhood, especially the magnificent architectural structures of Cintra and Belem, have already been described in our pages, not a very long time ago, and many travellers have done justice to their remarkable aspects. The famous capital of Portugal, situated on the north bank of the noble estuary of the Tagus, nine miles from the Atlantic, owes much, from a picturesque point of view, to its situation on the slopes of a succession of steep hills, which form an amphitheatre, in a grand curve, extending three or four miles from the old Castle, at the east end, to the bridge over the Alcantara, beyond which lie the straggling suburbs on lower ground, with many walled gardens, and plantations of orange-trees or vineyards. From a boat or other vessel on the river, this city looks very imposing, with its heights crowned by massive and stately buildings which might be taken for palaces, but which are monasteries, or which were originally constructed for the wealthy convents of different monkish orders. The Royal palaces of the Necessidades, Bemposta, and Ajuda, the last-named outside the city, are nevertheless sufficiently grand, and there are many other fine public buildings. The new part of the town, between the Castle-hill and the hills of San Francisco and Do Carmo, is regularly laid out with good wide streets, and with open squares, the Praça do Comercio, adjacent to the quays, the Figueira or market-place, and the Praça do Rocio, close to the Dominican Convent and House of the Inquisition. But most of the streets on the eastern hills are narrow, close, and gloomy, with very tall houses, which survived the great earthquake of 1755. The quaint rustic costumes of the Portuguese peasantry and labouring classes, and the rude heavy-wheeled carts, drawn by oxen, constantly seen in this city, are noticed by strangers as rather different from what is met with in other metropolitan towns of Europe. Belem, two miles westward, has a castle protecting the entrance of the harbour, which is here but one mile wide, though it expands to five or six miles opposite the city. The great Convent of Belem (or Bethlehem) was built at the end of the fifteenth century, for Hieronymite monks, by King Emmanuel of Portugal. It is a vast structure, in mixed styles of architecture, Norman, Gothic, and Saracenic, with a profusion of decorative sculpture; but the general effect of this medley is not agreeable to an educated taste. Fourteen miles north-west of Lisbon, at the precipitous termination of a fine range of hills, which are richly wooded and studded with beautiful villas, is Cintra, the place where a military convention for the abandonment of the Peninsula to Napoleon I. was signed in 1808. The Royal Castle at Cintra, from its commanding situation, has a very striking aspect; and the reader of Byron's "Childe Harold" may recollect the fine stanzas in which it is described.

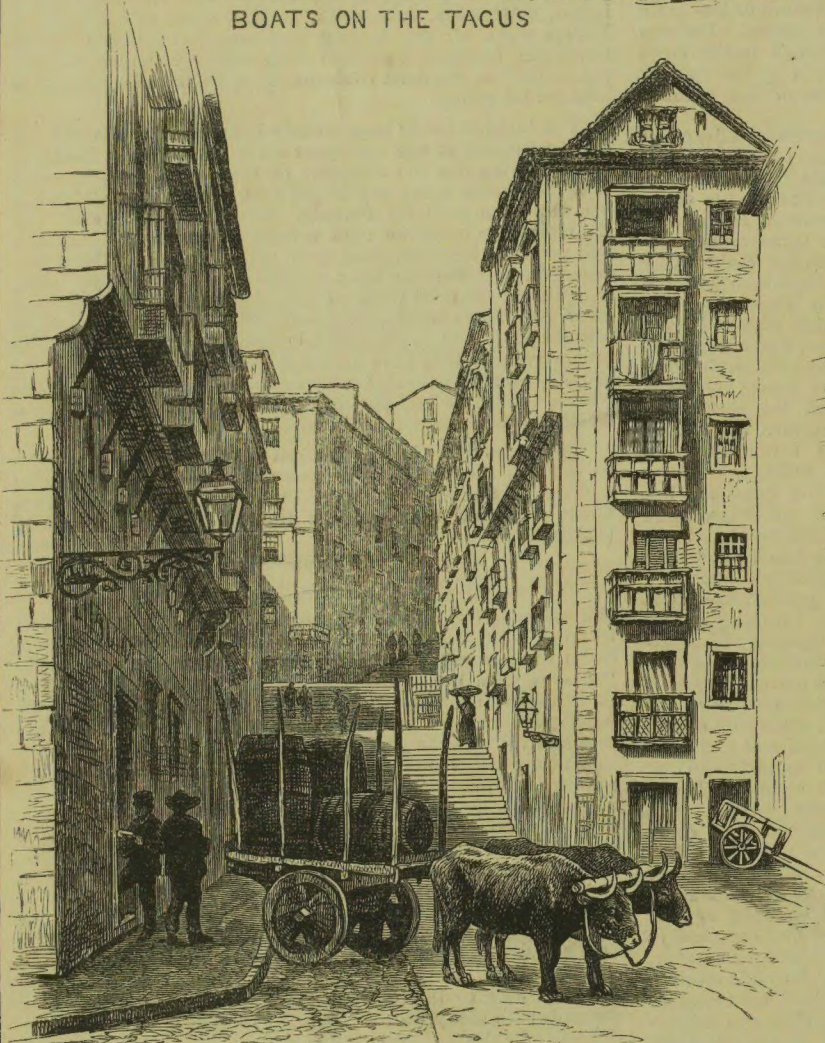
Mr. H. Reader Lock, who was clerk to the Commissioners of Patents and Registrar of Designs and Trade Marks, has been appointed Comptroller-General of Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks under the new Patents Act, which comes into operation this day.



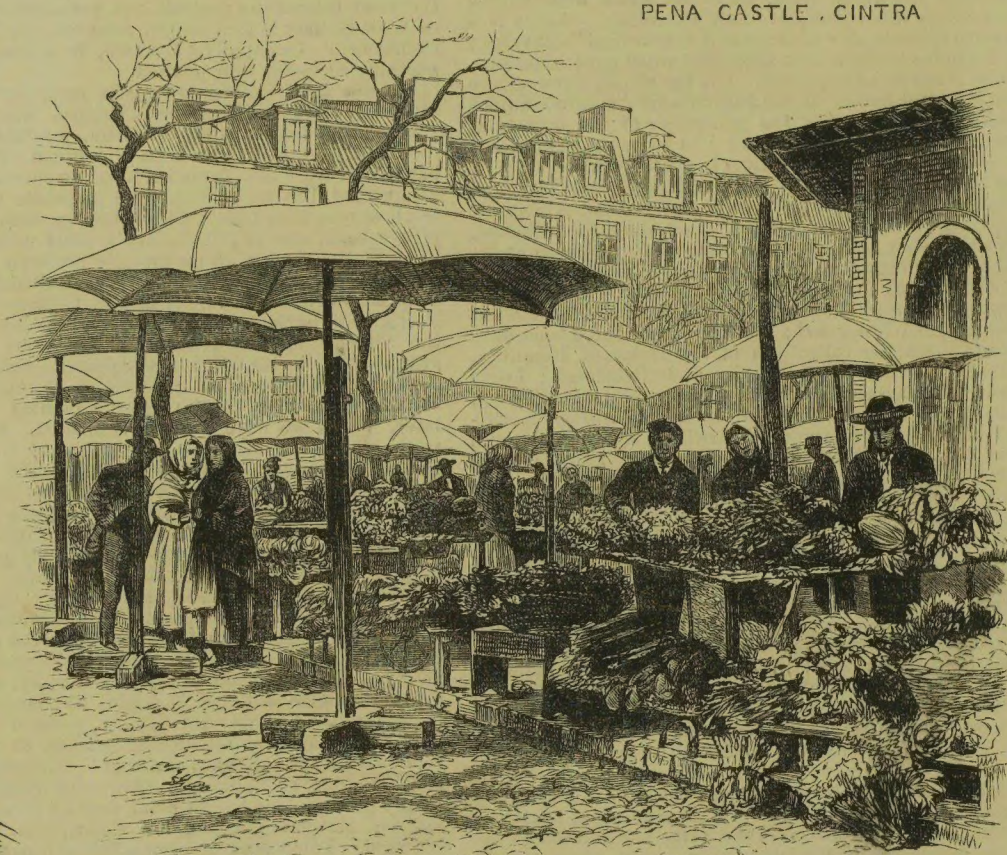
BOATS ON THE TAGUS



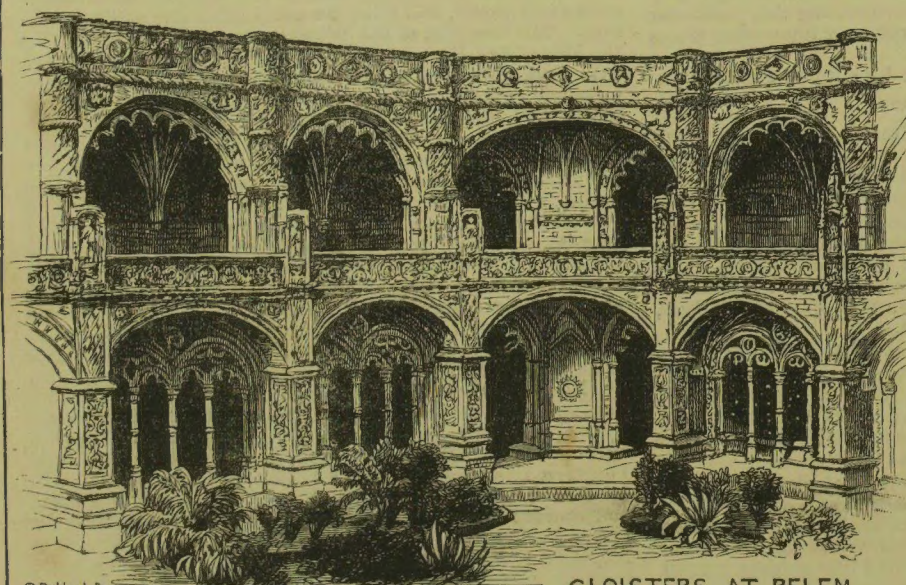
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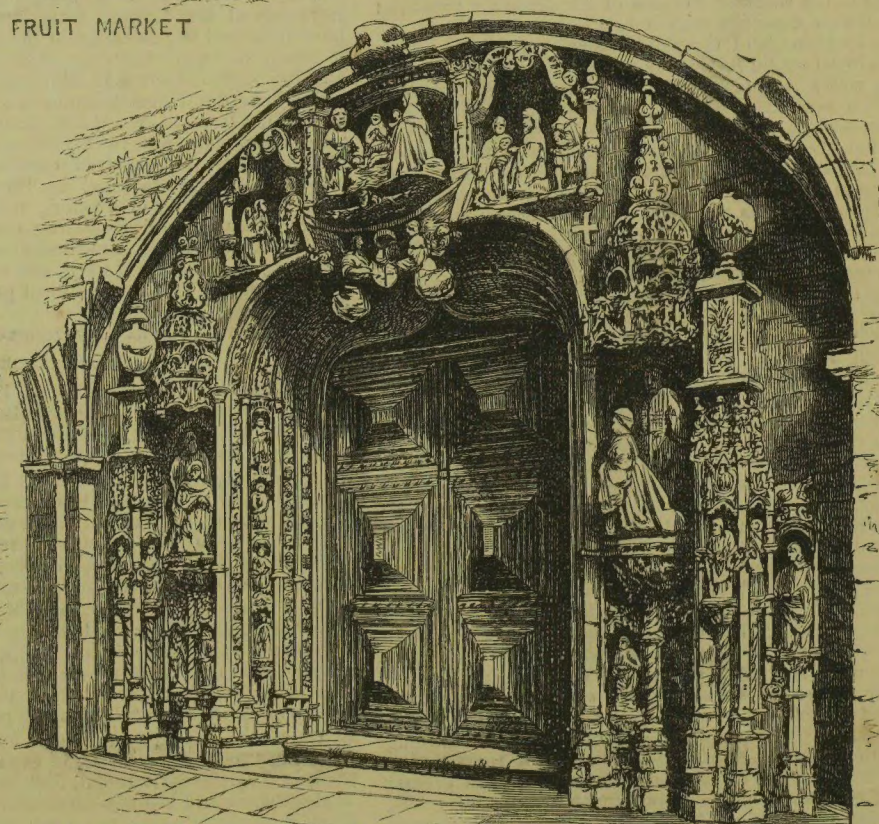
AN UPHILL STREET



FRUIT MARKET

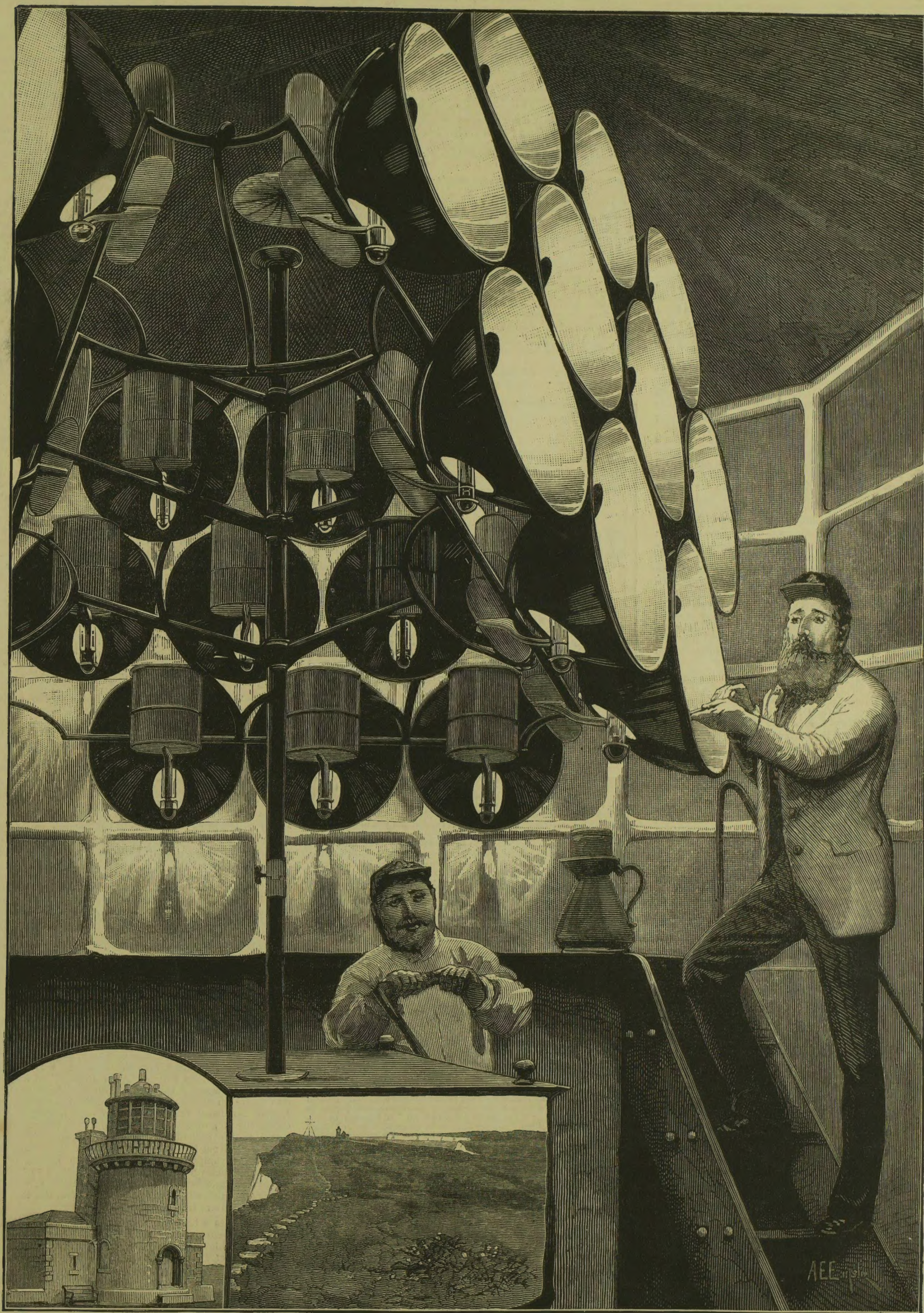


CLOISTERS AT BELEM



DOOR OF CONVENT AT BELEM

G. Puttock, Jr.



INSIDE A LIGHTHOUSE: BEACHEY HEAD, SUSSEX.

PREPARING FOR THE SESSION.

The New Year finds the rival political parties actively preparing for the opening of Parliament early in February. From Hatfield the Marquis of Salisbury writes to various Conservative associations acknowledging the receipt of addresses of sympathy and confidence; and it is not without significance, as bearing on the question of opposition to the London Municipality Bill of the Government that the Lord Mayor has secured the noble Marquis as President of the City Conservative Club. Sir Stafford Northcote, on his side, braces himself for the coming Session by change of work: the right hon. Baronet being presumably occupied at his Devonshire seat in framing the inaugural oration he is to deliver on Jan. 30, as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Earlier in the month, on the 11th inst., Sir Richard Cross rouses the Conservatives of Hull with one of his energetic harangues; and on the morrow the late Home Secretary opens the new Constitutional Club at Hull. With regard to the "Fourth Party," Lord Randolph Churchill in all probability exhausted the vials of their wrath in Edinburgh in the Old Year; but Sir H. Drummond Wolff has been seen flitting through London in a hansom; and the continued vivacity of this infinitesimally small knot of members may, no doubt, be relied upon to relieve the chronic dullness of debate. Serene in the possession of his £37,000, Mr. Parnell for the moment remains quiet.

The Prime Minister, hale and hearty still, kept his seventy-fourth birthday on Saturday last in muscular fashion. Mr. Gladstone, with the assistance of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, felled a tree in Hawarden Park. The right hon. gentleman was in receipt of numberless congratulatory messages, including a characteristically hearty telegram from their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Among his birthday gifts, none gave the Premier greater pleasure, it appears, than a cross thorn walking-stick sent him by a Cape admirer, one Mr. Moulton, of the same age as Mr. Gladstone. In his letter of thanks, the right hon. gentleman said, "a recollection from that distant part of the globe is a touching recollection. But I hope we live in times when a closer union, as well as much freer intercourse, is to prevail between distant portions of the globe."

Seeing that the Government have to face Parliament as early as Feb. 5, and that, in addition to the fresh trouble in Egypt and the lurid look of affairs in China, Mr. Bradlaugh has formally declared his intention of approaching the table to claim his seat on the opening day, it was hardly surprising that Mr. Gladstone should have hastened to town on Monday. Various rumours are current as to the meaning of the Premier's interviews with Earl Granville and the Marquis of Hartington at the beginning of the week. But the meetings were natural enough. The Foreign Secretary and the Secretary for War are the two foremost colleagues of Mr. Gladstone; and it was but right he should consult with them previous to the first Cabinet Council of the season on Thursday. Meantime, the Premier has assured his Middlethian constituents that he still contemplates "with the utmost interest" the time when he may be able to fulfil his duty, and deliver to them his long-promised address.

The London poor are in a fair way to be better housed in the New Year. The hopeful result of Sir Charles Dilke's personal investigation of the most impoverished parts of the Metropolis is that the Local Government Board has reminded the Vestries of their sanitary duties under existing Acts of Parliament. But it will be the duty of the President of the Board to "keep on pegging away" till these slothful public bodies thoroughly cleanse the Augean stables intrusted to their charge.

The Earl of Jersey, speaking on Tuesday at the Druids' dinner at Oxford, had the courage to say he thought it would be found policy to include Ireland in the scope of the coming County Franchise Bill. But the Orangemen and Nationalists (who had a conflict on New-Year's Day at Dromore) do not make this an easy reform for the Government to effect.

INSIDE A LIGHTHOUSE.

At the eastern extremity of the South Downs, on the Sussex coast, the grand promontory of Beachy Head, near the town of Eastbourne, rises to a height of 575 ft. above the sea. On the Belle Tout Cliff, which projects forward at a much less elevation, stands the lighthouse, erected between 1828 and 1831, that has furnished the subject of our illustration. The tower is 47 ft. high, and the lantern displays a revolving light, every two minutes, which is visible at the distance of twenty-three miles. The apparatus here employed is that of the "catoptric" system, in which a revolving frame has a number of large concave reflectors, with an Argand fountain lamp in each, fitted to each side of the frame. The shape and position of the reflectors are precisely calculated to throw the rays of light, in a combined flood of light, upon certain parts of the surface of the sea, and to prevent their being wasted in the sky. The reflectors are formed with a parabolic curve, internally, and are constructed of sheet copper, with a plating of silver on the inner side, which is kept bright and clean by the use of polishing powder (rouge, or trioxide of iron) and by frequent rubbing with a piece of soft chamois leather. One of the keepers, introduced in our illustration, seems to be engaged in applying the powder with a fine brush of camel's hair. Great care is always taken to prevent dust or grease remaining in the interior of a lighthouse, as it would be apt to spoil the reflectors. The Argand lamps have cotton circular wicks of an inch diameter, or sometimes double circular concentric wicks; and are fed with colza oil from a metal canister behind each reflector. This is the ordinary apparatus of a white revolving light; but there is a special arrangement for flashing lights, and for intermittent lights, in which the illumination bursts forth suddenly, and continues steadily for a certain time, after which it is suddenly eclipsed. The ordinary revolving light gradually increases to its maximum, and then diminishes gradually to total darkness. Where a powerful fixed light is required, it is produced by an apparatus on the dioptric system, with plano-convex lenses, formed in concentric circles, filling a large sheet of glass, by which the rays of light are refracted and directed toward the sea. This was the invention of the French engineer J. A. Fresnel, about sixty years ago; but several improvements and adaptations have since been introduced, and the "holophotal" system of Mr. T. Stevenson has brought it almost to perfection. The electric light has recently been introduced at some of the most important lighthouses of France and Great Britain.

An International Peasant Festival and Skating Musical and Dramatic Fête will be held at the Albert Hall on Feb. 14 next and two following days for the purpose of aiding the funds of the West-End Hospital, which was opened in 1878.

A handsome bronze clock and tazzas, and portraits beautifully painted on china, have been presented last week by the past and present pupils of the Brewers Company's School, E.C., to the Rev. Herbert Williams, M.A., to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of his head-mastership.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

T.B. (Warwick-square).—In no case can the solution of a problem be acknowledged the week following its publication. This column is prepared for press a week in advance.

HERWARD (Oxford).—Thanks for your letter. 'Twas a small matter, and you may be consoled by the reflection that you had, at least, one companion in misfortune.

T.S. (Clapton).—In Mr. Jensen's problem quoted from *For Tid*, if White play 1. B to K 4th, Black's answer is 1. P to K 5th (a Knight), checking. This note will answer several correspondents.

J.W. (Melbourne).—We forward the "slips" required, but you will receive this in advance of our letter. Kindly convey thanks to Mr. Lulman for the copy of *Illustrated Australian*, containing the account of the "living chess."

DELTA.—We are obliged to defer your game in order to clear off our Christmas correspondence.

C.F. (Tooting).—We are glad to see your name again in our list of solvers, and hope you have enjoyed your sojourn in "foreign" lands.

P.J. (Broadmoor).—You are late with some of your solutions, but as we have not published them we acknowledge their correctness.

KEITH.—We do not examine problems unless they are accompanied by the contributor's name and address.

R.B. (Southport).—The news was stale. Why not send us the game?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF END GAME IN Christmas Number received from E.P. Valliamy, Nerina, Bernard Green, J.T.C. Chatto, Ben Nevis, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R. Gray, G.W. Law, R.T. Kemp, E. Ingersoll, An Old Hand, C. Oswald, S. Lowndes, of M. Pradignat's Enigma (1. K to Q 7) from R. Worters (Canterbury), C. Stewart Wood, R.H. Brooks, and E.L.G.; of A. Jensen's problem (1. Q to Q Kt 5th) from E.L.G., R. Worters (Canterbury), and J.E. (Edinburgh); of Herr von Gottschall's problem (1. B to K 6th) from C.R. Baxter (Dundee), H. Blacklock, Jupiter Junior, S. Lowndes, Ben Nevis, Aaron Harper; of H.rr Salminger's problem (1. Q to K R 2nd) from A.W. Scruton, James Pilkington, Otto Fuldner (Ghent), C.R. Baxter, and D. Templeton; of J. Brina's problem (1. Kt to Q 6th) from Hereward, R.H. Brooks, C.R. Baxter, H. Reeve, and E. Casella (Paris).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2064 and 2065 received from O.H.B. (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2071 from H. Stebbing; of No. 2072 from Fanny Gretton, (Lille), Gertrude Beaubois (Lille), H. Stebbing, Espanol, Congreve (San Remo), Black Conger, William Miller (York), J. Keene, E.L.G., W.F.R. (Swansea), and Hereward; of No. 2073 from Alpha, Thomas H. Knight, P. Brandreth, Little Bits, Leslie Lachlan, R. Worters, W.C. Beatty, C. Stewart Wood, Indagator, James L. Hyland (Galway), New Forest, H.P. Shaw (Newry), J.E. Lloyd, Gyp, H.R.D., C.W. Coole, W.T.W. (Croydon), J.O.F., A. Moscovita (Venice), C. Ellis (Nice), C. Stuart (Nice), Congreve (San Remo), W.F. Payne, J.S. Moorat, E.J. Posno (Haarlem), C.H.P., R.H. Brooks, W.T. Bishop, Espanol, E.L.G., W. Kirby, H.O. Haines, W.F.R. (Swansea), and H. Storr.

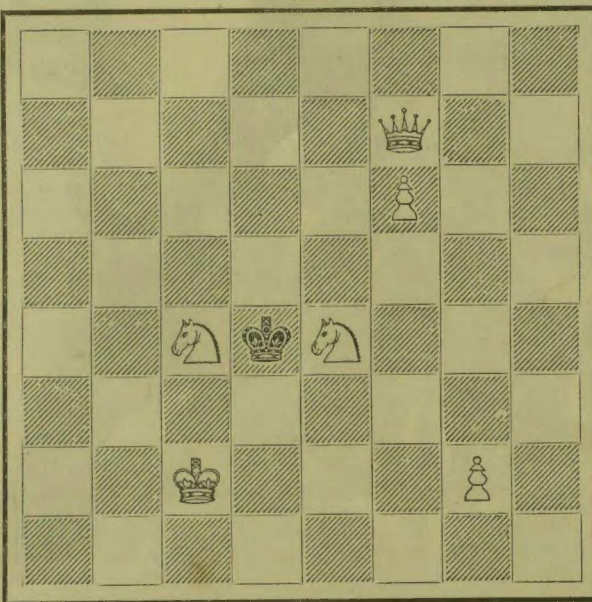
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2074 received from L. Desanges, O. Darragh, R. Ingersoll, M.O. Halloran, E. Casella (Paris), L.L. Greenaway, H. Lucas, C.R. Baxter (Dundee), J. Hall, W.F. Payne, Gyp, W. Hillier, H.H. Noyes, H.K. Awdry, H. Wardell, R.H. Brooks, L. Falcon (Antwerp), J.E. Piper, Jupiter Junior, F. Ferris, R.L. Southwell, G.W. Law, R.J. Vines, A.H. Mann, A.M. Colborne, D.W. Kell, H.K. Awdry, G.S. Oldfield, L. Wyman, E. London, T. Brandreth, W.M.D., A. Schumcke, Emmo (Darlington), Shadforth, and Hereward.

NOTE.—Many correspondents have sent proposed solutions of this fine composition by way of 1. B takes K (ch), K takes R; 2. R to Kt 5th, K to B 4th; 3. Queen mates. If this were, indeed, the solution, the problem would deserve the postal-card commendation, "cramped and feeble," pronounced by one greatly daring critic. But it is not. Black, on his second move, instead of the suicidal coup, 2. K to B 4th, may play 2. P takes P; and there is then no mate on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2076.

By HERWARD (Oxford).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

That was a curious chess match played at Dover last week, between thirteen members of the local chess club and thirteen non-members. The latter party received a lesson that should send them into the club at once, as they were defeated by 15½ to 10½. Fancy, thirteen chessplayers of Dover being non-members of the Dover Chess Club.

A match between the Chess Clubs of the London and Westminster Bank and South Norwood was played at 27, Old Jewry, on the 13th ult., ten competitors a side. It was drawn, with an equal score of five to each club.

Many of our readers will remember the name of P. S. Shenle, who was for some years a regular solver of the problems published in this column. Mr. Shenle had, by steady attention to duty, raised himself from the position of constable to the rank of Inspector, when, after a brief illness, he died at Ipswich a few weeks ago, leaving a widow and small family in straitened circumstances. We gladly comply with the appeal made to us in their behalf, and trust our readers will follow suit. All subscriptions should be sent to the Rev. W. Blathwayt, Ipswich.

We regret to say that Mr. Blackburne was taken suddenly ill at Liverpool, and was unable to fulfil his engagement with the Arts Society of that city. Chess *sans voir* is not the *bagatelle* it appears to be, but our English champion should save his strength for higher aims. We are glad to announce that Mr. Blackburne's health has improved since his return to town.

The Athenæum Chess Club scored a hollow victory of four games to one against South Hampstead on the 14th inst. The Hampstead amateurs were overweighed, being opposed on this occasion by such experienced tourney players as Messrs. Peter Healy, W. T. Chappell, J. Foster, E. Marks, and H. E. Schloesinger. With a larger number of representatives, their average score should be higher.

We are glad to learn from the tenth annual report of the Athenæum Chess Club that the association is flourishing. During the past year the club has engaged in eleven matches, and won seven of them. The treasurer's account shows a balance in hand, notwithstanding a handsome subscription to the late International tournament.

The irresistible "Interviewer" found an easily button-holed victim in Dr. Zukertort, and a column of the *New York Herald* (Dec. 2) is the ingenious result of a conversation between them held at the Manhattan Chess Club. The capital headings of this interesting discourse are portentous in manner and matter. "What the Memory Can Do" is followed by "A Head Full of Pigeon Holes," and the same head, we are informed, although surmounting such a diminutive body, wears a hat which is several sizes too large for the "average six-footer." The champion's account of how he plays chess *sans voir* will interest our readers, and therefore we quote it here:—

"Can you play more than sixteen games, do you think?"
"I have no doubt of it. I think there is no mental limit to the number of games I might play, but there is a physical limit; it is very wearing work."

"Do you play simply from memory?"
"I have a way of photographing a board in my mind; and—the boards being numbered—when one board is called, the photograph or the position of the men on that board comes instantly before my mind, while the last board is quickly disappears. I never see two boards before me, even for an instant. My mind at such times is like a wall upon which a magic lantern casts a shadow; and, just as the pictures are changed in the magic lantern, so the photographs of the chess-boards change before my eyes."

"Do you adopt a certain set of openings when you undertake to play a number of blindfold games, so arranging the series that you may know what style of opening was played on a particular board?"

"No, I go entirely by the numbers of the boards. Each game becomes identified in my mind with a certain number; call that number and I see the game. The most difficult part of blindfold playing is not, as many suppose, toward the conclusion of the games, but in the beginning of them, where the pieces are apt to be similarly placed on two or more boards. The further the games progress, the easier it is to recall them. A board always comes into my mind precisely as I left it after the last move. I never have to go back over the moves in order to find out how the men stand, but I can at any time give the moves in the regular order in which they were made or the reverse order. I played twelve games in Glasgow blindfolded in January, 1873, and the play was adjourned to attend a dinner given in my honour. After the dinner, and before continuing the games, I named the precise position of every man, black and white, on each of the twelve boards."

THE MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

The *Cornhill* begins the New Year well with an exceedingly powerful story, in which we seem to trace the hand of the author of the "New Arabian Nights." "J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement" is a conception which may well have been inspired by the weird voyage and the savage catastrophe of Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym," and only inferior to Poe in the power of compelling belief. We are less absolutely under the spell, and feel more disposed to be critical of Jephson's mere improbabilities than of the absolute impossibilities involved in Pym's Antarctic adventures. But the story is powerfully fascinating, nevertheless. "The Giant's Robe" is very good this month. Especially amusing is the description of the publisher's dinner party, where the best conversation is contributed by those who have still their reputation to make, the great men being compared to "luminous paint" in their silent absorption of the wit for future reproduction. Mark's detection is evidently at hand, and promises to be brought about with the same consummate ease in disentangling knots that we have admired in "Vice Versa." "A Butterfly and a Bookworm" is one of those graceful little tales, slight but ingenious in situation, airy but effective in treatment, that we commonly associate with Mr. James Payn. There are good light scientific papers on "Earthquake Weather" and the Kip van Winkle capacities of toads, snails, and reptiles in general. Miss Martineau did herself so much less than justice by her autobiography, that it is very agreeable to meet with so pleasant a sketch of her kindly, motherly ways, cheery good humour, and generally sound judgment as is here afforded in "Some Literary Recollections." An anecdote is related of her pointing out an undescribed portrait of one of her friends to her visitor, and asking of whom it reminds him. After suggesting Robespierre, he found, to his dismay, that it was her ideal of the face of Christ.

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* is a very clerical-looking portrait of Matthew Arnold, accompanying Mr. Henry James's sensible and appreciative essay on the poet's visit to America. Mr. James, however, has little to say of Arnold as a poet, although his remarks upon him as a critic are ingenious and sound. It is difficult to understand Mr. Archibald Forbes's predilection for Marshal Bazaine. "The Emperor and his Marshal" treats of that part of the campaign of 1870 in which Bazaine, suddenly called upon to assume an immense responsibility, is really an object of sympathy; and ignores the weak defence and disgraceful surrender of Metz. The article is most dramatically illustrated by a French artist; and Mr. Forbes's account of his conversation with the Prince Imperial in Zululand is interesting and pathetic. The paper on Dartmoor is chiefly noticeable for the beauty of the illustrations; which remark applies in a measure to Mr. Hipkins's essay on "The Pianoforte and its Precursors," accompanied as it is by engravings of decorative designs for some highly-favoured pianofortes by Mr. Burne Jones. Mr. Hipkins, however, has much that is interesting to tell us of the development of the instrument; though he does not, like Mr. Tylor, trace it back to its primitive germ of a stretched bowstring. Mr. Caldecott's design for the fable of the Hares and the Frogs is a masterpiece; and the ornamental friezes from De Solis and Aldegrever are as beautiful as usual.

The greater part of the contents of *Blackwood* are not interesting; but the magazine, nevertheless, stands at the head of the periodical literature of the month, in virtue of two special contributions. "Old Lady Mary" is one of those cunning mixtures of the natural and the supernatural of which Mrs. Oliphant has the secret. Belief is compelled by the perfect ease of treatment which brings the unseen within our reach and ken; and, granting the writer's premises, the perfect probability, and indeed necessity, of the action. The situation is exquisitely pathetic, and is wrought out with deep feeling and quiet power. The other remarkable contribution, the first part of the history of an English lady's ride from the port of Amapala, on the Pacific, to the interior of Spanish Honduras, is no less remarkable, in its way, for the writer's buoyant spirit, picturesque experiences, and unobtrusive descriptive power. The conclusion of the first part leaves her ensconced at Amapala, after the long coasting voyage from San Francisco; so that the most interesting part of her adventures has yet to come. "The Baby's Grandmother" must surely be the joint production of the parties.

The best contribution to *Longman's Magazine* is one of Bret Harte's Californian tales, "Left out on Lone Star Mountain," an excellent specimen of his peculiar talent, ever hovering between laughter and tears. The "Merry Christmas" at the end is a stroke of real genius. Mr. Clark Russell's "Jack's Courtship" is continued with undiminished spirit. The author of "Vice Versa," with imperturbable gravity, investigates "the decay of the British ghost," which he attributes in a measure to the unreasonable tests insisted on by the Psychical Society. It will be absolutely necessary, he thinks, to lower the standard. "The Clerke's Tale" is a genuine story of the supernatural, and a good one. "Contrasts" are pretty verses. Mrs. Oliphant's "Madam" opens with a powerful but unpleasant situation. Mr. Grant Allen settles the ancestry of birds, which trace their pedigree to the ichthyosaurus, and are but feathered reptiles.

The *Century* has an admirable account of Edinburgh old town by Mr. Andrew Lang, profusely and capably illustrated by views of the Canongate, the Cowgate, the Grassmarket, and other architectural and historic lions. It will be highly appreciated by all to whom "Auld Reekie" is known. The curious and unequal story of "The Bread-winners" attains its conclusion in the usual pairing off of the characters. "The Log of an Ocean Studio" details very freshly the working out of the idea of seven American artists who devoted themselves to the artistic decoration of the captain's cabin during the voyage from New York to Antwerp. There are also a fine portrait, accompanied by an adequate notice, of General Sherman; a clever sketch, apparently from a French hand, of the present members of the French Academy, with portraits of the more noteworthy; and extracts from the late President Garfield's letters from London in 1867.

Harper has a beautifully illustrated paper on the Riviera, with a very entertaining text. An essay on Whittier is also made the vehicle for some admirable engravings. The recent publication of President Buchanan's memoirs gives occasion for an estimate, far too favourable, of a statesman whose pusillanimity and lack of patriotic fibre were almost as mischievous to his country as deliberate treachery could have been. The event of the number, however, is the commencement of a new novel by William Black, "Judith Shakespeare." It is very pretty: the one drawback is the inevitable affectation of an archaic style.

Among the chief contents of the *Atlantic Monthly* are an able defence of the study of Greek by A. P. Leabody; and a sympathetic and discriminating criticism on Turgeneff by Henry James, with numerous personal reminiscences. In his poem, "At the Saturday Club," Oliver Wendell Holmes gracefully calls up the figures of some of the eminent men who, years ago, were the ornaments of Boston literary society.

The number and variety of subjects in the *Magazine of Art* for January are almost embarrassing. "Pictures of Cats," "Conceits in Cuffs," "Fashions for the Feet," are pleasantly mixed with articles of greater weight and gravity, such as "Women at Work: their functions in art." In a series of sketches on the Lower Thames, Mr. George L. Seymour has some clever views of water-side London; but in setting some of his vignettes in a frame of fog (see Blackfriars Bridge) he plays with the spectator after the manner of Mr. Whistler. There is a prevailing taste for this sort of thing, but Mr. Seymour is just inclined to overdo it. Care and judgment are manifest in the production of both letterpress and illustrations, and the new number promises well for the coming year.

The *Art Journal* commences the new year with an excellent number containing a steel engraving from Mr. Millais' picture of the "Princes in the Tower," a highly finished etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, after a picture by Mr. H. Holiday of Dante and Beatrice, and a number of effective wood engravings. Among the literary contents are an appreciative article on Mr. Watts, R.A., and some interesting notes on "Recent Building in London."

The *Theatre* contains excellent photographs of Miss Anderson and Mr. Irving, and the usual variety of interesting articles.

The *Scottish Review* has a very good second number. One very special feature is a translation of a hitherto untranslated story by Turgenieff; another is a careful and well-executed summary of the contents of the most recent numbers of the principal foreign periodicals. Among the most important articles may be named one on the Scottish universities from the Scotch point of view; another on the Irish language; and an essay on Dickens, distinguished by force and freedom of expression, although there is too much sweeping disparagement in the criticism.

Our notice of the magazines for this month will be resumed next week.

THE CHURCH.

Mr. Mackonochie has written to the Bishop of London asking to be allowed to withdraw from the benefice of St. Peter's, London Docks.

The Vicar of Horsforth has received a donation of £500, from a lady, for the parish church building fund.

Watch-night services were held last night in many of the metropolitan places of worship.

Preparations are being made at Westminster Abbey for lighting the edifice by electricity.

In Westminster Abbey, on Tuesday, the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia.

The ancient parish church of East Hanningfield, near Chelmsford, has been destroyed by a fire which broke out on Sunday afternoon through the overheating of a stove-pipe.

The Rev. Sidney Linton, Rector of St. Philip's, Heigham, Norwich, has accepted the Bishopric of Riverina, in New South Wales.

The Archbishop of York has presented the living of Bolton Percy, near York, of the gross annual value of £1200, vacant by the death of the Ven. Archdeacon Crecyke, to the Rev. Canon Philips, Vicar of Brodsworth, near Doncaster.

Operations for the restoration of the tower of Sherborne Abbey church have commenced. A start will be made with the masonry work early in the spring, provided sufficient funds are subscribed. It is to be hoped that the money will be forthcoming for this really important work.

Yesterday week being the festival of the Holy Innocents, a special service for children was held in Westminster Abbey, where a sermon adapted to a youthful auditory was preached by the Dean. This children's service, which was begun in Westminster Abbey by the late Dean, was held in several other metropolitan churches.

The Bishop of Llandaff was presented by Lord Kensington, M.P., at Haverfordwest, last Saturday, with a testimonial, consisting of a silver centre-piece, two candelabra, a signet ring, and an illuminated address, subscribed in Pembrokehire, in recognition of his services during thirty years' continuous residence in the county.

Yesterday week a confirmation was held by the Bishop of London specially for the inmates of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, the chapel of the institution being decorated with evergreens and flowers. On the previous evening a large Christmas tree was provided, and the room in which it was placed, though 19½ ft. high, was none too lofty for it. Presents in abundance there were for all, including the sisters and nurses.

A new church, erected entirely at the expense of the Duke of Westminster, was opened and consecrated on Tuesday afternoon, at Pulford, near Eaton Hall, at a cost of nearly £9000. Not only has his Grace built the church, but he has also supplied it with stained glass for the eastern and western windows, at a cost of £600, has fitted up a new organ, and provided the church with open pews carved by art-workmen from Eaton Hall.

It has been agreed by the Surrey magistrates to let the site of the old Horsemonger-lane Gaol to the Metropolitan Public Garden and Playground Association, at a nominal rent, for use as a place of recreation for the public.

The Goldsmiths' Company have made a grant of £25 and the Skinners' Company a donation of five guineas in aid of the annuity fund of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, 15, Soho-square. The Company of Sadlers have given fifteen guineas to the funds of St. George's Hospital, and made grants of five guineas to the funds of the Thames Church Mission and to the Ragged School Union for establishing Ragged School Missions among the outcast poor.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Webster Lawson, of The Hall, Beaconsfield, Bucks, with Olive, daughter of General and Lady De Bathe, took place on Tuesday morning at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The service was fully choral, the bridal hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," being sung in procession up the long nave. Mr. W. Lawson was the best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Phyllis De Bathe, Miss Lawson, Miss Phillips, Miss Goetz, Miss Housen, and Miss Twiss. The breakfast took place at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, and the bride and bridegroom left for the Continent.

The steam-ship *British Queen*, 3558 tons, Captain R. Wells, left Plymouth last Saturday after having embarked the following emigrants and passengers for New Zealand:—26 saloon and second-class passengers and 290 steerage passengers. These latter are composed as follows:—28 married couples, 62 single men, 120 single women, 22 boys, 16 girls, and 13 infants.—Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ships *Sydenham* and *North*, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in September last, also of the ship *Pericles*, which sailed in October.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Mr. Anstie, Q.C., has been appointed one of the Charity Commissioners.

In the official report of the Oxford University local examinations, it is stated that during 1883 there were 1845 candidates examined, and of these 1055 passed.

Mr. A. Hunter, of the Circulation Department of the Post Office, has been appointed Chief Superintendent of the Parcels Post; and Mr. J. W. Crawford Assistant Superintendent.

The Huddersfield Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition was closed last Saturday evening. The number of admissions up to that time were 329,190.

The Bishop of London on Monday opened a Cabmen's Shelter in St. James's-square, the funds having been mainly obtained by the exertions of his Lordship's daughter.

Lord Churchill has offered a site at West Lavington, in Wilts, for the proposed new college to be founded under the will of Alderman Dauntsey, of London.

A good old-fashioned English dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding was given on Tuesday to 300 poor children of Seven Dials, by Miss Mary Anderson, at the Tower-street Schools. The entertainment was followed by a magic-lantern exhibition.

Some hundreds of the poorest of the children of the East-End were admitted to a Christmas entertainment at the Aquarium, Bishopsgate, on Tuesday evening, when each child was presented by Mr. Sims, proprietor, with several toys as a souvenir of the visit.

The latest official statistics show that the provident and friendly societies in England and Wales, including building societies and trades unions, number considerably over six millions of members, and possess funds to the amount of nearly sixty-eight millions sterling. As compared with 1880, the date of the last complete table, this shows an increase of 282,313 members, and nearly eleven millions in funds.

Lord Shaftesbury presided at the formal opening of the Dorset County Museum at Dorchester on Tuesday. He expressed his earnest desire for the preservation of antiquities, and spoke indignantly of the proposal to level Crosby Hall in London. He went on to express his love for museums as a means of inspiring greater reverence for the past. Speeches were afterwards made by Lord Eldon, the Hon. W. Portman, M.P., Lieutenant-General Pitt-Rivers, and others. The museum has been built at a cost of nearly £7000, and contains some valuable antiquities. The site, valued at £2000, was presented by Mr. R. Williams, banker.

Alderman Meagher, a Nationalist, the new Lord Mayor of Dublin, was installed on Tuesday. Both himself and the outgoing Lord Mayor, Alderman Dawson, were enthusiastically received during the procession by the populace. The Lord Mayor gave a dinner on Wednesday, in the Round Room, to 350 guests.—The Orangemen and the Nationalists held their meetings at Dromore on Tuesday, and the services of a considerable force of police and military were brought into requisition to prevent the two parties from coming into collision. In the evening some rioting occurred, and two men were injured, it is said, by the police.

Two important documents have been issued by the Local Government Board. They may be taken to represent the net result of recent inquiries conducted by the President, and give valuable information to the vestries and other bodies responsible for the condition of parishes. The first declares certain Acts "to be in force in each of the parishes and districts in which they are not now in operation," and sets forth the matters in respect of which regulations may be made. The second, equally weighty, brings under the notice of the vestries the statutes which have reference to the dwellings of the labouring classes, enters into details, impresses on the local authorities "the responsibility which attaches to them," and urges them to a "vigorous exercise" of the powers with which they are intrusted.

The three Masonic Charitable Institutions, which are supported by the voluntary contributions of the craft, during the year which closed on Monday realised a total income of £55,994. Of this sum the Boys' School received £24,895, the Benevolent Institution £18,449, and the Girls' School £12,650. The largest total attained previous to 1883 was in 1880, when the sum amounted to £49,763. The Boys' School, which is now at the head of the list, is boarding, housing, clothing, and educating 221 boys; the Benevolent Institution, the second on the list, is granting annuities of £40 each to 172 men and £32 each to 167 widows; and the Girls' School houses, boards, clothes, and educates 239 girls between the ages of seven and sixteen. The boys leave their school at fifteen. During the year £8675 has been granted to 334 cases of distress from the Fund of Benevolence, which is composed of 4s. a year taken from every London Mason's subscription to his lodge, and 2s. a year from every country Mason's subscription.

The Registrar-General's return for the week ending Saturday, Dec. 29, shows that the deaths registered during that period in twenty-eight great towns of England and Wales corresponded to an annual rate of 20.6 per 1000 of their aggregate population, which is estimated at 8,620,975 person in the middle of this year. The six healthiest places were Bradford, Portsmouth, Salford, Halifax, Bristol, and Huddersfield. In London 1847 births and 1503 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 469 and the deaths 478 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 54 from measles, 48 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 46 from whooping-cough, 21 from enteric fever, 10 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from either typhus or from simple cholera. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths: 36 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. In Greater London 2369 births and 1831 deaths were registered.

It is stated that the personal property of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway will probably be sworn under £1,000,000. His will is of the simplest possible character. The testator has made no specific charitable bequests, but the executors, Mr. George Martin and Mr. Driver, brothers-in-law of the deceased, who are also trustees of the fund (£300,000) with which Mr. Holloway endowed his College for the Education of Women in August last, are intrusted with the task of carrying out Mr. Holloway's wishes in respect to the whole of his benevolent schemes. It is understood that although the completion of the College and Sanatorium will be the first care of the executors, their charitable disbursements are by no means limited to the furtherance of the objects these institutions have in view. During his lifetime Mr. Holloway gave large sums of money for benevolent purposes, on the condition that the name of the donor should not be discovered, and the executors are given a wide discretion in the continuance of such subscriptions. Mr. Driver will continue to carry on the business of the deceased. The whole of the testator's property, with the exception of that set apart for charitable purposes, is bequeathed to a near relative.

THE COURT.

A quiet week has been passed at Osborne by the Queen and the members of her family with her. Princess Louise of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar left last Saturday; her Majesty's dinner party the previous evening included the Duke and Duchess of Albany, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Marquis of Lorne, Lady Waterpark, the Hon. Frances Drummond, Lieut.-Colonel Stockwell (Seaforth Highlanders), Lieut.-Colonel De Winton, and Colonel the Hon. H. Byng. The Dean of Windsor dined with the Queen on Saturday, and officiated at Divine service on Sunday at Osborne, her Majesty and the Royal family attending. A Council was held by the Queen on Monday, at which were present the Duke of Albany, Lord Carlingford, and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby. Lord Carlingford had an audience, and subsequently the following gentlemen were knighted by her Majesty:—Mr. Henry Morgan Vane, Secretary of the Charity Commission; Mr. William Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Records; Colonel Frank Bolton, C.E., Local Government Board; and Alderman Henry Edmund Knight, late Lord Mayor of London, the Duke of Albany being present. Various officials in the Indian service, both civil and military, have been nominated by the Queen to be Companions of the Order of the Indian Empire. The Rev. Canon W. B. Carpenter, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, is appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to her Majesty; and the Rev. H. Jones, Vicar of Great Barton, Suffolk, to be one of the Honorary Chaplains to her Majesty.

The Queen's New-Year's gifts, consisting of coal and meat, to the poor of the parishes of St. John, Holy Trinity, and Clewer, were distributed on New-Year's Day at the Riding School of the Royal mews, Windsor; and £100 was given to the clothing club.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining company at Sandringham during the week, Lord Alcester, Sir Augustus Paget, and Sir Frederick Leighton being among the guests. The Rev. Canon Tarver, with the Rev. F. Hervey, officiated at Divine service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's Church in the park, their Royal Highnesses, with their family and the visitors, being present. The Prince, as President of the Society of Arts, has transmitted to Lady Siemens the resolution passed after the death of Sir William Siemens by the council of that society, and, in doing so, has expressed his own appreciation of the labours of Sir William Siemens.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Tangier on Monday from Gibraltar, on board her Majesty's gun-boat *Forward*. His Royal Highness lunched with Sir John Drummond Hay, the British Minister, and subsequently returned to Gibraltar.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR DANCING.

Those who have enjoyed the Pantomimes and Ballets of the last few years cannot fail to have been struck with the graceful and rhythmic movements of the little pupils of Madame Katti Lanner's National School for Dancing. This lady was for many years herself a *première danseuse* in many European and American cities, and her father, the gifted Herr Lanner, of Vienna, the contemporary and almost rival of Strauss, was the first person who ever introduced orchestral dance music, the strains to which gyrations on the light fantastic toe had previously been accomplished being only those of two or three violins. It is to Madame Katti Lanner's powers as a musician and an accurate timist that a great deal of her success is due. There are no less than eighty pupils under her tuition, and from the very first every movement of their arms and legs and feet is made to music. For special pantomime purposes these little folks come to her at four years old, but if they are to be seriously trained as professional dancers she prefers that they should not begin till they attain the age of seven. The physical education of girls is a subject that attracts much attention at the present time, and its advantages are very clearly shown among these juvenile dancers. Many of them are very delicate when they begin, but the gradual and judicious exercise of every limb develops the muscles, throws open the chest, and knits the frame into the utmost symmetry and vigour. It is a very rare thing for any of them to prove unteachable; even if they make no progress during the first year, they do so in the second; and as soon as they appear on the stage they begin to earn money. Their periods of apprenticeship vary; some agree to remain with their kind mistress for nine, and others for seven years; but those who come to her at fifteen, or thereabouts, only arrange for five years. Their training costs them nothing; but Madame Katti Lanner procures engagements for them, and out of the salaries received they then pay a certain moderate proportion for lessons, expenses, &c. They form a large and happy family; for though discipline and exactitude must be maintained during school hours, yet when play time comes the teacher is a child among them, and, indeed, in many instances, a second mother. In fact, if a little one's mother dies during her apprenticeship, the kindest care and interest is given by the instructress, who is able sometimes to interest others in her young charges, and thus to keep them in tolerable comfort. It is very touching to see the anxious solicitude of the parents and friends of the children. Big elder sisters, aunts, mothers and fathers wait for them at the theatre, and as soon as their little parts are over muffle them up and take them home. And how welcome their earnings are in many a family only those who are the true friends of the poor know. Bessie's mother is ill in bed, but the child's salary provides at least bread and butter and a cup of tea. Mary's father is in the hospital with a broken leg, but the wife struggles cheerily in doing her best at needlework or charring, and depends on the little girl's money for the rent that keeps a roof over their heads, and a home for the "master" to return to. Lucy loses both parents, yet one or two kind-hearted girls spare a shilling or two, and the "Friends of Foreigners in Distress" meet them with other shillings, and she grows up to earn her own living honestly, and, it may be, to rise to higher things. The hours of attendance at the school are from half-past twelve to two, so that the training does not interfere with the attendance at the ordinary lessons prescribed by the Education Act. The sketches of Madame Katti Lanner's pupils taken by our Artist include "Learning the Flower Ballet," "Teaching the Minuet," and "Preparing for a Dress Rehearsal."

Under the presidency of Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., the anniversary festival of the Commercial Travellers' Institution was celebrated yesterday week, when subscriptions amounting to £2000 were announced.

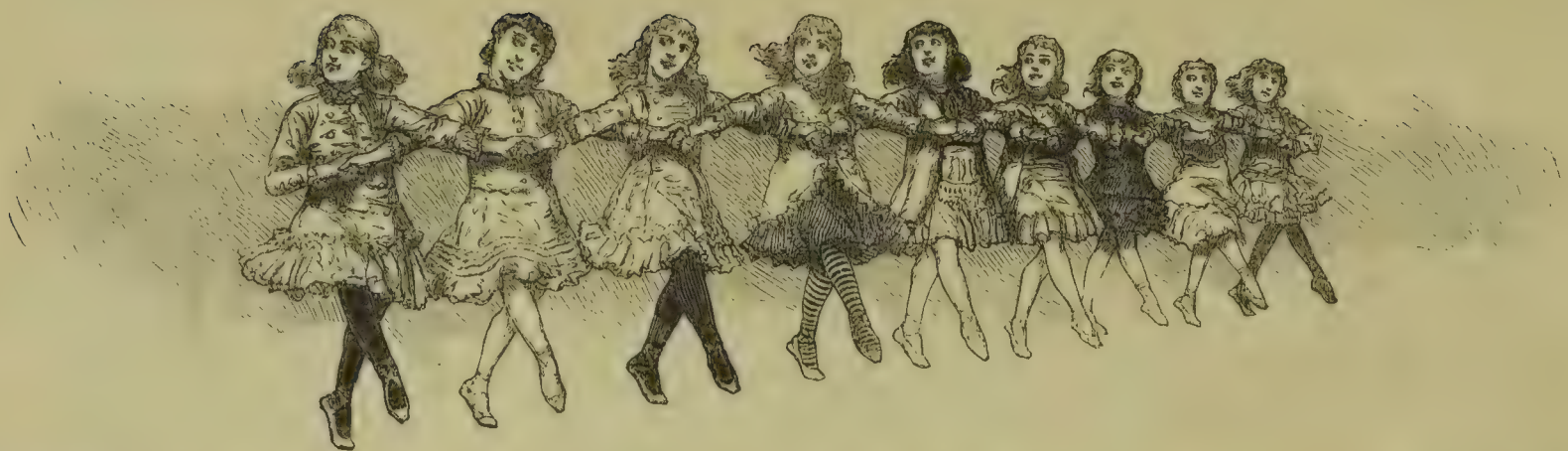
The revenue for the past year amounted to £90,035,522. This is a net increase over the previous year of £3,690,661. With the exception of miscellaneous receipts, which show a decrease of £230,843, there is an increase in every branch of revenue, including £2,838,000 from the property and income tax, £352,000 from the customs, £300,788 from stamps, £290,000 from the Post Office, £60,000, from telegraphs, and £51,000 from house duty.

PRIZE WORKS OF STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.



HISTORICAL PICTURE: "ST. PETER DENYING CHRIST."

BY W. M. LUDAN.



1. The Flower Ballet.

2. Teaching the Minuet.

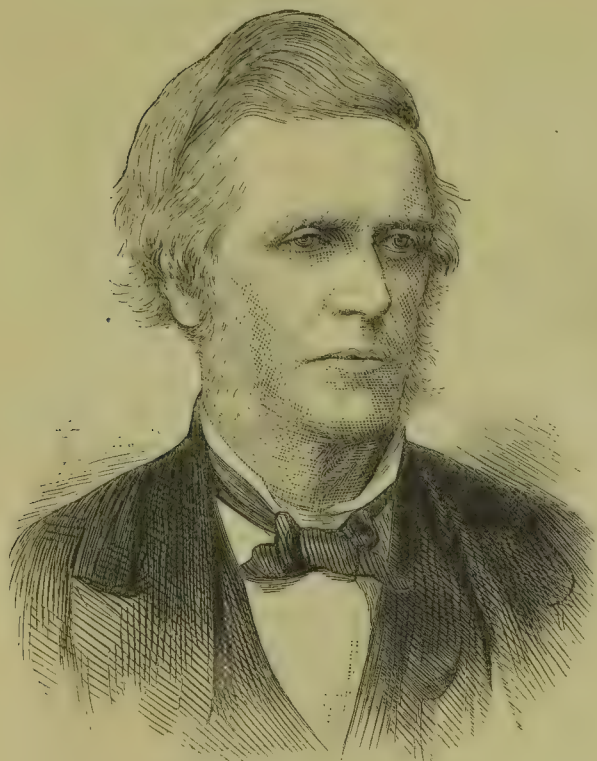
3. Preparing for Dress Rehearsal.

SKETCHES AT A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR STAGE DANCING.

THE NEW MEDICAL BARONETS.

Sir Joseph Lister, Bart., F.R.S., one of the two distinguished members of the medical profession on whom the Queen has conferred the title of baronetcy, is an M.B. of the University of London (1852), a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, England (1852), and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh (1855). He was for some time Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, and Assistant-Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. In 1876 he was one of the members appointed for Scotland by the Privy Council to the General Medical Council. In 1880 he received the medal of the Royal Society, and in the following year the prize of the Academy of Paris was awarded to him for his observations and discoveries in the application of the antiseptic treatment in surgery, which has often been referred to as "Listerism." He received the degree of LL.D. at Glasgow University in 1879, D.C.L. at Oxford in 1880, and LL.D. at Cambridge in 1880. Sir Joseph Lister is author of papers "On the Early Stages of Inflammation," &c., in the *Philosophical Transactions*; "On the Minute Structure of Involuntary Muscular Fibre," in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*; "On the Muscular Tissue of the Skin," in the *Microscopical Journal*; and of various other papers on surgical pathology.

Sir William Bowman, Bart., F.R.S., is a son of the late Mr. John Eddowes Bowman, F.L.S., F.G.S., and was born in Nantwich in 1816. He was educated at King's College, London, and commenced his practice at the West-End. He has filled the offices of surgeon to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, surgeon to the King's College Hospital, and Professor of Physiology and of General and Morbid Anatomy at King's College, London. The Royal medal in Physiology was awarded to him by the Royal Society in 1842, and he has been more than once on the Council of the Royal Society. He is a corresponding member of many foreign societies, and is author of several important surgical works on the eye. He is an M.B. of the University of London (1852), a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, England



SIR WILLIAM BOWMAN, BART., F.R.S.



SIR JOSEPH LISTER, BART., F.R.S.

THE LATE MR. RICHARD DOYLE.

The death of this talented artist, whose gifts of humour and fancy won him a considerable reputation above thirty years ago, was recently announced in our Journal. He was born in London, in 1826, of Irish parentage, being the son of Mr. John Doyle, the noted political caricaturist, whose published lithographed portraits of distinguished persons, signed "H. B.," in a style very like that of the *Vanity Fair* portraits of the present day, won great celebrity in the reigns of George IV. and William IV. Mr. Richard Doyle, while yet a mere youth, became one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, under the editorship of Mark Lemon, and in association with Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and John Leech, before the artistic staff was recruited by the addition of Tenniel, Charles Keene, and Du Maurier, whose pencils have in some degree made up for the loss of literary genius. It was, indeed, a very great loss, and was felt as a public misfortune, that in 1851 Doyle felt himself obliged, as a devout Catholic, to secede from *Punch*, on account of its severe attacks upon the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman, occasioned by the so-called "Papal Aggression." Though his fame was already established, and has not since declined in the estimation of those who are well acquainted with contemporary art of this peculiar kind, Doyle never again got an equally suitable and constantly remunerative vehicle for his graphic designs. And as the prospect of any independent success in that way must have seemed at the time far more hopeless than it has since become, his voluntary renunciation of employment which would have assured him a large income was a rare example of self-sacrifice and fidelity to conscience. Among his best-known works of that period were the designs for "Mr. Pips's Diary," a comical adaptation of the style of Pepys to the description of social life in the Victorian era; the "Manners and Customs of the English," the "Adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," and "Bird's-eye Views of English Society," the last of which formed a series published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under Thackeray's editorship. He also furnished some admirable illustrations to "The Newcomes," and other works of Thackeray's. His later productions were more freely devoted to imaginative themes of romance and fairyland, in which he combined the elements of airy gracefulness or poetical elegance and grotesque fantasy with very charming effect. His designs for Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Montalba's "Fairy Tales from All Nations," "Jack the Giant Killer," "In Fairy Land: Pictures from the Elf-World," and his coloured contributions to the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, attest the extent of his industry and the quality of his genius.

The portrait is from a photograph by J. and C. Watkins.



THE LATE MR. RICHARD DOYLE, ARTIST.

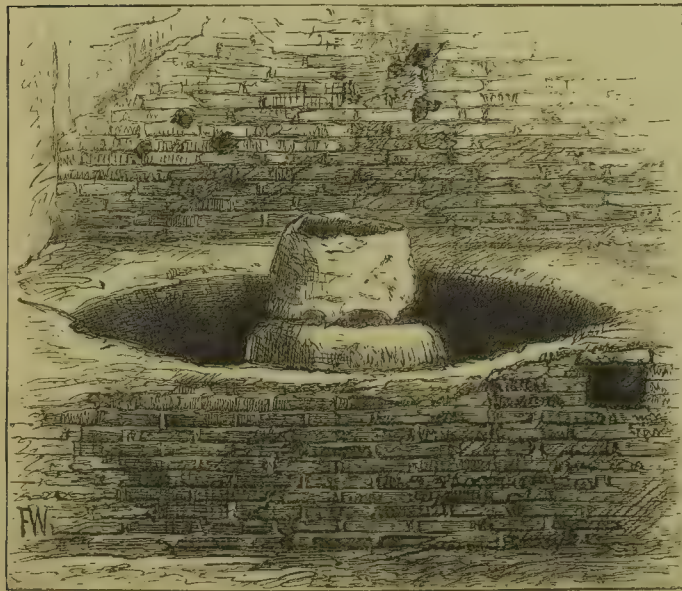
(1852), and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh (1855). He was one of the members appointed in 1876 to the General Medical Council for Scotland.

The Portrait of Sir J. Lister is from a photograph by Claudet; and that of Sir W. Bowman from one by Lock and Whitfield.

THE VESTAL VIRGINS OF ROME.

An important discovery was made in the Forum at Rome, on Nov. 5, and has been followed by more recent discoveries of much interest, connected with the ancient College or Nunnery of the maiden priestesses of Vesta. Every visitor to Rome is

acquainted with the so-called Temple of Vesta, which may be that of Hercules Victor, a small round building encircled by a colonnade with a cupola resting upon it, still in good preservation, having been transformed into the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. The true original Temple of Vesta, which has entirely disappeared, stood at the foot of the Palatine Hill, a little way from the Via Sacra, near where the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice now stands. It is here that some workmen, two months ago, began clearing away the accumulated earth and rubbish from around several equidistant brick piers. The clearing revealed the fact that they stood upon rectangular marble pedestals with inscriptions on them, of which the first lines now became visible above the earth. Extra hands were at once set to work; a few hours more and the debris around three pedestals, each about five feet in height, was removed. The newspapers soon announced the discovery of the celebrated Atrium Vestæ, with inscriptions in honour of three of the Sisters Superior (Vestæ Maxima), and since then, five statues of Vestals have been brought to light, one of which was excavated on Dec. 20, in the presence of the Prince Imperial of Germany. This statue, of which the nose, arms, and feet are broken, is represented in our illustration, from a drawing by Miss M. L. Harper; who has also drawn the mill used by the Vestals to grind the corn, which they mixed with salt and water for their offerings to the goddess of the domestic hearth. The inscriptions are of the times of the later Roman Emperors, mostly of the fourth century after Christ. The first, consisting of fifteen lines, was inscribed in honour of Flavia Publicia, Virgo Vestalis Maxima, by her niece "Æmilia Rogatilla, Carissima Fœmina," and by her grand-nephew, "Minucio Honorato Marcello Æmiliano Carissimo Puero," in testimony of her virtue and piety, and of the holy and religious care with which, through all the sacerdotal grades, she laudably administered in sacred things to the approval of the "Most Holy Mother Vesta." The second was placed by the "Pontifices Virginibus Vestalibus Curandis," in testimony of the chastity and modesty of another "Virginis Vestalis Maxima," but who she was the inscription no longer tells. She had, through some unknown reason, incurred public dislike, and her name has been erased from the inscription, which fills eight lines. The third was inscribed to Cœlia Claudiana, another Sister Superior, who had filled her high office during twenty years, by her client, Aurelius Fructosus. A Vestal, at the time of beginning her novitiate, was under ten years of age. She would serve ten years as a novice, ten years as a priestess, and ten years as an instructor of novices; but, after the expiration of thirty years, was free to marry, or to live with her own family. Twelve cases are recorded of Vestals being buried alive for breach of their vow.



MILL AT THE TEMPLE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS, ROME.



STATUE DISCOVERED ON SITE OF TEMPLE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS, ROME.



THE OLD BOOKSHOP, PORTSMOUTH-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

THE OLD BOOKSHOP IN PORTSMOUTH-STREET.

In Portsmouth-street, the crooked thoroughfare at the south-east corner of Lincoln's-inn-fields, leading to King's College Hospital, wedged into a small angular nook between taller buildings, is a queer little cottage, which is now occupied by Mr. H. Poole, a waste-paper dealer, who uses it for his store and shop, and not for a dwelling; but we remember that, only three years ago, there was a diminutive bookshop and print-shop, kept by a shrewd old fellow named Tessyman, who had removed hither from one of the courts or alleys near Drury-lane, and who lived here with his wife. Tessyman was something of a

humourist, and had in his time been personally acquainted with many theatrical and literary celebrities of the past generation. The late Mr. John Forster was one of his patrons, and brought Charles Dickens, with other friends who had a taste for quaint reminiscences of old London life, or who cared for chance purchases of old play-bills, broadsheets, caricature drawings, and autographs, to visit the odd little shop. But though a few cheap relics of antiquarian interest, more especially the autograph letters of famous actors, and engravings of portraits, might sometimes be got here, Tessyman's whole store of books was never worth five shillings altogether; it was the shabbiest collection of insignificant odd volumes, in the raggedest and dirtiest condition, to be found all over London. When he had sold the better part of his small stock in trade, he fell into helpless poverty; and we are sorry to learn that he died in the work-house, and his wife is also dead. The house, or rather cottage, which would look more suitable to its surroundings in a rustic village than in a London street, has been honoured with a conspicuously painted inscription on its face, "The Old Curiosity Shop, Immortalised by Charles Dickens"; but this is certainly a mistake. Any reader of that most interesting of Dickens's stories will perceive that the home of Little Nell and her grandfather was somewhere in the City, not far from Quilp's abode on Tower-hill, while the office of Sampson Brass, attorney-at-law, in Bevis Marks, was at no great distance. We should suppose the original "Old Curiosity Shop," if it ever really existed, must have been situated within a quarter of a mile of Aldgate; but the author himself tells us that it exists no longer on earth. For it is related, at the very end of the story, that after Kit Nubbles had married Barbara, and had several children, Jacob, Abel, Dick, and little Barbara, he used to take them to the street where his good Miss Nell had lived. "But new improvements had altered it so much, it was not like the same. The old house had been long ago pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place. At first, he would draw with a stick a square upon the ground, to show them where it used to stand. But he soon became uncertain of the spot, and could only say it was thereabouts, he thought, and that these alterations were confusing." Nor can it be admitted that Dickens took his description of the premises from this little cabin in Portsmouth-street, and transferred it to an East-End locality; for the "Old Curiosity Shop" was a rather large house, with spacious apartments, containing a quantity of "antique furniture, tapestry, fantastic carvings, figures, in wood and metal, china and ivory, suits of armour, and weapons of various kinds;" for none of which is there any space, hardly for a couple of specimens, in the four very small rooms, up stairs and down stairs, of the cottage shown in our Illustration. It is stated, indeed, that this building was once a dairy belonging to the Duchess of Portsmouth, after whom the street was named in Charles II.'s time; and its rustic appearance may have been affectingly designed to suit the purpose of its occupation. The ground lying about it, then tolerably open, was called Little Lincoln's-inn-fields, and was first divided from the greater open space of Lincoln's-inn-fields by the erection of "Portugal-row," which was not the present Portugal-street, but the row of houses along the south side of Lincoln's-inn-fields, including the Royal College of Surgeons. Here stood the Duke of York's Playhouse, or theatre, erected in 1662, when this was quite the most fashionable part of "the town."

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MR. IRVING and the CRITICS.

A CHAT ABOUT THE STAGE.

"Mr. Henry Irving did not take an early train for Philadelphia yesterday. He breakfasted at his leisure, and did not start from New York until seven o'clock in the evening, when he, with Miss Terry and two or three others of the company, followed those who had preceded them to this city in the morning. The party was under the charge of Mr. J. H. Copleston, of Mr. Abbey's staff, and they occupied places in a Baltimore and Ohio sleeper attached to the train leaving at that hour. Miss Terry made herself comfortable by putting the seats together in a section and reclining thereon, while Mr. Irving was beguiled into the smoking compartment and chatted with a Press representative as the train sped on its way towards Philadelphia. The English actor would be a man of mark anywhere. His large and bold features are already familiar to the American public—so familiar that few people saw him who did not recognise him. He speaks with little of what we know as the English accent; in fact, there is hardly anything in his speech to indicate his nationality. His keen, scholarly face was half concealed by a big slouch hat; but his enunciation was clear and distinct.

"Naturally enough the conversation turned upon the frequency with which Mr. Irving had been made to talk with journalists, and, in reply to a somewhat leading query, Mr. Irving said:—'I agree that facilities are afforded through the medium of an interview for a newspaper which are not, perhaps, acquired in the same proportion through any other means for presenting to the public both sides of a subject. The interviewing process may be said to be a natural outgrowth of the freedom of our institutions.' Referring to some of the annoyances to which strangers like himself were sometimes subjected by incorrect newspaper reports of their sayings, he said that, in one instance, when asked for his opinion upon the respective professional merits of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Edwin Booth, Mr. John Gilbert, and other Americans, he had replied that they were great actors, but that he preferred to speak of actors at home who were known to him. The published report of his reply contained only the first half of it, thus leaving him open to the imputation of having impudently intruded an opinion in regard to the actors named.

"New York audiences are most generous in applause," continued he, "which is the actor's stimulant to exertion and inducement to please. They are more liberal in applauding certain points in a play than are our people at home, and are noticeably more lavish of enthusiasm at the end of an act. Ordinarily, the audiences to which I played at the Star Theatre in New York waited until the end of the act, and then applauded. You may say that that is what they ought to do, that that is the appropriate time for an expression of the feelings of an audience; but I tell you that the actor likes to have a little applause as he goes through his part. It is a great help to him.' After some general observations upon this point, Mr. Irving added:—'The aim of the actor in the interpretation and production of a play is, I suppose, to hold, if possible, the mirror up to nature. In doing that he is obliged to place the characters in what would ordinarily be considered unnatural situations, to make the delusion to the audience appear as perfect as possible, and not to distract his auditors by the incongruities of the surroundings of the situation.

"Every character has its proper place on the stage, and each should be developed to its greatest excellence without unduly intruding upon another, or impairing the general harmony of the picture. Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult in a play than to determine the exact relation of the real and what I may call the picturesque. For instance, it is the custom in Alsatia for men to wear their hats in a public room, but in a play located in that country it would not do to have a room scene in which a number of men shall sit around on the stage with their hats on. There are reasons why they should not do that. In the first place, their hats would hide their faces from the audience. It is also an incongruity to see men sitting in the presence of an audience with their heads covered. Then, again, the attention of the audience would be distracted from the play by a feeling of curiosity as to the reason why the hats were not removed. These are little things that should be avoided, but in general they are not likely to intrude themselves where proper regard is paid to the general appearance of a scene. The make-up of the stage is exactly like the drawing of a picture, in which lights and colours are studied with a view to their effect upon the whole. There is another feature. I would not have the costume and general appearance of a company of soldiers returning from a war exactly the same as these appeared when the men were starting for the battle-field. I would have them dishevel their hair and assume a careworn aspect, but yet appear in clean clothes. Everything on the stage should also be clean and pleasant.

"People have told me that my death scenes on the stage have appeared to be very real," continued Mr. Irving. "Now I have never seen anyone die nor anything of that kind, but I have simply endeavoured to take the sentiment of the play. For instance, in 'Hamlet,' the lines—
Good night, sweet Prince;
And lights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
seem to give a mild and gentle expression to the character addressed, and a representation of the character in that light, it seems to me, would be satisfactory to an audience. In 'Louis the Eleventh,' the wretched old man is stricken down and dies at the moment that he says, 'Pray for me, I treat you—I command.' Then he falls down and his head rolls on the ground as if he has been struck down by God's thunderbolt. That is the reason of it.

"There are certain realisms that are offensive. Then, the simple knowledge that what they see is an impersonation will interest an audience. For instance, it would not be satisfactory to see an old man of eighty play King Lear, but it would be highly satisfactory to an audience to know that the character was being portrayed by a man in the vigour of life. As you look upon a picture you do not see something that is real, but something that draws upon the imagination.

"Perhaps there is no character about which such a variety of opinions has been expressed as that of Hamlet, and there is no book that will give anyone as much opportunity of understanding it as the 'Variorum Shakespeare' of Mr. Horace Howard Furness. He is still a young man; he is not an old man; and I trust that he will be able to complete the whole of the work that he has begun, and I hope that someone will follow in his footsteps. It was a labour of love, of most intense love, to him; and he has earned the gratitude of all readers of Shakespeare.

"When I was preparing 'Othello,' with Edwin Booth, last year, we rehearsed and produced 'Othello' with as much care as it was possible to bestow upon it. Booth used to come to rehearsal until I told him he need not bother about it. He said to me, 'My dear Irving, I would not neglect one of these rehearsals; they are more interesting than anything I have ever seen. I once used to hit; I have lost heart and cannot now.' I said to him, a few weeks ago in New York, when he was talking of the same thing, upon the care taken by everybody in the play, and how they all acted their parts, that he might do so again; but he said, 'It tries me too much.' I said, 'Why don't you engage a good man—a good stage-manager to take the direction of your business?'

"Mr. Irving went on to say that he missed the boisterous, genuine, vigorous applause of the pit, which was so familiar to actors in the playhouses of former days. He accounted for its absence by the fact that the prices of admission to all parts of the theatre had been raised, and, in this connection, deprecated the presence of the class known as ticket speculators. The general prices of admission, he thought, were so high as practically to prohibit the attendance of a large class of people, who cannot afford to pay more than a very moderate amount for their amusement. To such an extent had the reserved seat speculators carried their operations that in one instance within his knowledge ten dollars had been charged and paid for a three-dollar seat.

"Of course," Mr. Irving added, "I need not tell you that an extra price has been charged for our performance because the expenses are very much more than in an ordinary engagement. I have with me altogether a sixty-five people. Then, Miss Terry would by herself draw as a star, and I suppose that I would draw good houses by myself, but, as we are together, the extra charge is not unreasonable. I have felt that the public would not object to paying the Lyceum prices charged in London if we brought entertainment to their doors."

"Mr. Irving talks with the ease and fluency of a man not only thoroughly familiar with his subject, but deeply interested in the profession which he has adopted. The conversation dropped only as the train swung on to the elevated road, and Miss Terry recovered herself from the reclining position, and slowly prepared to alight from the first railway journey in America."—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

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RICH FABRICS for WINTER DRESSES.

In every combination of style and colour. From 10s. 6d. to 25s. the Dress. A Large Collection of Central, Plain, and Fancy Dress Materials, 10s. to 15s. 6d. the Dress. Special Novelty Ottoman Cashmere, 12s. the Dress.

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In every variety of Style, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. All the Historical and Military Wool Tartans.

IN WHITE, BLACK, and EVERY COLOUR.

Fine Cashmere Merinos, in 84 Shades of Colour, double width, 1s. 11d. to 2s. 6d. per yard, all Wool.

FOR WINTER and TRAVELLING WEAR.

ALL-WOOL SERGES. In every Variety of Make and Colour, Including the Witney, Devonshire, Scarborough, &c. In Navy, Black, Bronze, &c., 9d. to 1s. 10d. per yard.

SPECIAL SALE.—250 Very Rich EMBROIDERED CAMMIE ROBES.

With Double Quantity of Wide Embroidery. In Black, Brown, Navy, Bronze, Dark Green, &c. Formerly 2 guineas. Reduced to 35s. 6d. each.

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ARCTIC SEAL CLOTH. The highest perfection of Make and Wear. 52 inches wide, superior in effect to beaverskin. Also every kind of Foulard, Beaver, Foul de Chameau, Foul de Mouton, &c., in Black, White, Brown, Drab, &c.

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300 Pieces of rich Black and Brown Brocade, 2s. 11d. per yard. 40 Pieces of New Coloured Brocade Satin, 5s. 11d. per yard. Light Brocade Silks for Evening wear, 2s. 6d. per yard. 200 Pieces of Coloured Broadcloth Velvets, from 6s. 11d. per yard. Black Broadcloth Velvets, from 5s. 11d. per yard. Coloured Duchesse Satins, in all shades, 2s. 11d. per yard.

SILK and SATIN COSTUMES.

Large Cloth and Serge Costumes, from 21s.; Braided, 25s. 6d. Black Foul Gingham Dress, as advertised, 10s. 6d. Material for Bodice included.

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examiner may try every test of touch and sight without discovering that these are other than the GENOA VELVETS they so closely resemble. While the peculiar arrangement resulting in the **KANT WOOLLEN TYLE** enable them to stand interminable and rough wear which would ruin real velvets at four times the price. For Costumes it is unequalled; and, in fact, for all purposes in which Silk Velvet may be used, we specially recommend the **LOUIS VELVETEEN**. Pattern post free. Every yard of the genuine bears the name "LOUIS".
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Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, &c. The rising generation of young gentlemen are clothed in a superior style by **ALFRED WEBB MILES and COMPANY**, 10 and 12, Brook-street, Hanover-square.

Dress Coats, from 22s.; Eton Jackets, from 21s.; Black Dress Skin Dress Trousers, from 15s.; Scotch Tweed Breeches, from 15s. 6d.; Trousers, from 10s. 6d., all made to order from celebrated Scotch and West of England goods.—N.B. The Show-Rooms are replete with Overcoats and Usters for young gentlemen, 35s., 42s., 45s., and 50s., of superior material and style, ready for immediate use.

Only Address, **ALFRED WEBB MILES and COMPANY**, 10 and 12, Brook-street, Hanover-square, W.

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NEW MUSIC.

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ONLY FRIENDS. IF ONLY. LEAVING YET LOVING.

WHEN MY JIM COMES HOME. ASK NOTHING MORE.

JUST AS WELL. 2s. each.—Boosey and Co., London.

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WALTZ.

A MAID OF KENT. Waltz. By Miss

LOWTHIAN.

On Louis Dietl's popular song. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

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Sung by Miss Damian. "One of the simple and unaffected, yet, withal, most musical things which this composer knows so well how to write. It should become a favourite in every refined home."—Daily Telegraph. 2s.—Boosey and Co.

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Words by Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. Sung by Miss Mary Davies with the greatest possible success at the Ballad Concerts.

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THE BOATSWAIN'S STORY. MOLLOY.

FAIR IS MY LOVE. HATTON.

GIPSY JOHN. F. CLAY.

FATHER O'FLYNN. Irish Ballad.

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NOTICE.—MADAME ANTIONETTE

STERLING will introduce at the Ballad Concert, Jan. 23, a new setting, by F. H. COWEN, of Longfellow's celebrated poem "The Reaper," to be published immediately.

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CAMP LIFE. March. By Sir JULIUS

BENEDICT. Performed by all the Military Bands. "Camp Life is the title of a spirited march by Sir Julius Benedict, who has written few things of the kind with greater spontaneity. It might be the music of one who basks in the sun of life's morning, so fresh is it."—Daily Telegraph. Price 2s.; as a Duet, 2s. 6d.

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ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER. Arranged by HENRY SMART for the Pianoforte in a complete form. Price, 1s. each.

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ENCORE UNE FOIS.

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Words by Mary Mark-Lemon.

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Illustrated cover, 2s. 6d. net.

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In consequence of a change of partnership, the whole of this splendid stock, performed with all the improvements of the day—viz., steel frame, overstrung, trichord throughout, check action, &c., is now offered at half price by this long-standing firm of 10 years' reputation, and in order to effect a speedy sale the easiest terms arranged, with ten years' warranty. Trichord Cottages, from 11/6, &c., £10 to £12.

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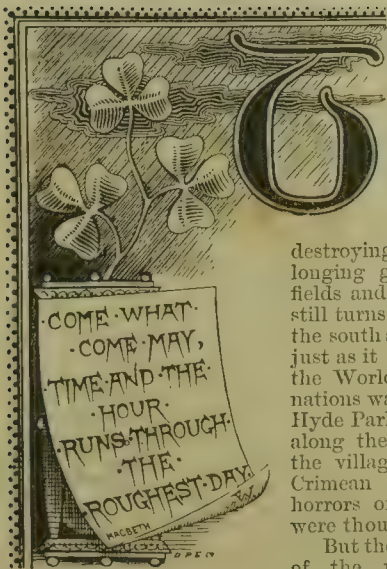
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"Well, what I say's true. You wouldn't have me tell you a lie, would you?"

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.



THIRTY-THREE years ago a tiny village nestling among the soft green slopes of Down seemed scarcely more remote from the noise and bustle of life than is the case at present. Villas are creeping out towards it; the destroying builder is casting longing glances at its smiling fields and waving woods; but it still turns its sunny face towards the south and dreams on placidly just as it did in the days before the World's Great Fair for all nations was held on the grass in Hyde Park. Turn a glance back along the century and look at the village as it was ere the Crimean War began, or the horrors of the Indian Mutiny were thought of.

But the merest hamlet! Spite of the railway station, less

than a mile distant; the post-office and public-house combined, situated just where the Comber road branches off from the Newtonards; the smithy hard by; the church, perched aloft on one of those quaint low hills that have won for the county a not inapt comparison to a basket of eggs; the police barracks, the remarkable-looking Rectory, the mail-car running along the highway twice a day, the Presbyterian meeting-house;—surely, the smallest and most unpretending of picturesque villages.

Only one side to it, and that extremely imperfect! First a row of one-storied cottages, where dwelt the local cobbler and tailor, both deadly jealous of town ways and town notions. Then fields advanced boldly to the front, succeeded, after a short space, by the police barracks, a couple of its occupants, privates in the Irish constabulary, being generally encountered lounging on the footpath opposite. A little further, a few more cottages were scattered beside the road; at the extreme end of the village, beyond the lane which still winds up to the gate of the graveyard, stood proudly forth the shop, where nothing could be bought, it might have been supposed, that any human creature would desire to purchase. Close to the turning leading to the Rectory was a second smithy, for the neighbourhood was (and is) one much given to farming, and found constant need of a farrier's services; a few detached houses, farm and otherwise, lay back from the left-hand side of the road—the right being skirted, as stated, by humble cottages: the whole place looked green and white by reason

of the green fields and the white-washed houses. Up on the hillsides lay great masses of trees and belts of plantation, and higher still you could see roads winding over the heights whence lovely views were to be obtained of Belfast Lough, and the Antrim mountains, of Scrabo close at hand, and, on a clear day, a glimpse of Scotland—as the crow flies, little more than twenty miles distant from that extreme point of the county Down, close to which the English steamers plough their way, while, keeping between the Copelands and Donaghadee, they shape an almost direct course southward down the Channel.

It was a summer's morning in the July of 1850; the barley and the flax both needed sun; the potatoes, anxiously watched for signs of that fatal blight, could have borne any amount of heat and been the better for it. The grass had grown well and was more than ready for the scythe, and the rain was coming down in torrents. It was a morning to make sad the heart of any farmer. All through the district, from the Rectory to the hovel, there was "mourning and lamentation and woe": the labourers could not work; the meadows could not be cut; the rich crops were being laid; the horses were standing idle in the stable, eating their heads off. Masters and men, for once of one mind, looked mournfully out at the weather. Steadily the rain held on—dripping through the leaves, plashing into the pools, swelling the streams, soaking the earth. In the whole of that village there were no creatures happy but the ducks, which waddled about quacking, literally

embarrassed by the wealth in the way of dirt Providence was providing for them.

About a mile out of the village, in the Craigantlet direction, which is the nearest route to Bangor—not on the crest of the rising ground, that opens to anyone who has patiently toiled up the long incline such an unexpected and magnificent stretch of sea, and mountain, and headland, and smiling, restful land; but admirably placed on the slope of the hill, so as to be protected from the north-east wind, stood a house of some pretension. It was embowered in trees. It was approached by an avenue upon which the foot fell almost as noiselessly as on the turf of the lawn. There was a great silence about the place. When you entered the gate the world seemed left behind. It was an old mansion—once the Dower House of a noble family—but it had descended in the social scale, till it simply “went with the land”—was thrown in as a mere makeweight with the farm. Scarcely charged for in the rent—the tenant was continually grumbling concerning the expense entailed upon him by the “tumble-down old barrack”—where ladies in stomachers and farthingales, and patches and high-heeled shoes, and powdered hair, once rustled through the wainscoted rooms; and handsome gallants came wooing, and dark deeds, it was said, were done—notably one which caused the imprint of a blood-stained hand on the wall, and the drip of blood on the black oak staircase; and the legend that now and then the ghost of a murdered woman might be seen by some human being more especially favoured than his fellows.

Through the years the house had been persistently falling from its once high estate. As the family to whom it belonged grew greater it grew less. Time went on, and the mansion, as the winters and the summers came and went, got more and more dilapidated; each successive tenant refused it even one poor coat of paint; each occupier left it in worse plight than his predecessor. The ladies of the great family had long ceased to inhabit a nook so utterly out of the world. In London, or Bath, or Paris, or any other favourite resort, they spent the few pounds the Dower House brought to them by way of rental. The memory of man could not extend to the time when a Dame Bountiful, residing under the shadow of those ancient trees, blessed the neighbourhood with her gracious presence.

The former days were gone, and the prestige of the old Dower House with them. It had sunk surely, if slowly. First it was let to a Newtonards man, who, having gone out to India without a penny, came back, to quote the country-side gossip, possessed of “millions and millions.”

Unfortunately, he brought back in addition a native wife and half-a-dozen dark-skinned black-eyed children, all of whom, being regarded as intruders, and treated as such, the “rajah”—so his neighbours generally called him—sold off his furniture, packed up his belongings, and took boat for England. Then a sporting character, in great request at mess and bachelor dinners, who, it was credibly asserted, fought mains of cocks in the dining-room and had boxing-matches in the great barn, remained in Ardilaw for the space of two years, at the expiration of which term he drank himself to death, greatly to the satisfaction of many worthy people. After that the place was let for the summer to persons able to drive across to Hollywood “for the bathing.” Then it went down another step, and was rented by a Belfast shopkeeper, who wanted country air for his children, and grass where those children could tumble about and grow up wild.

When it had been knocked almost out of human recognition by the young fry, their papa died; his business collapsed, and Ardilaw was again in the market. This time a gentleman farmer thought he would essay a wrestle with the poor hillside land, and a contest with ignorance and the elements; but five successive bad seasons, to say nothing of relays of incompetent labourers and dishonest bailiffs, compelled his departure.

For a year and four months the house stood empty. Weeds grew rank in the orchard and kitchen-garden, roses bloomed and faded in the parterres once tended by my Lady, moss covered the drive, the leaves lay where they had fallen on the lawn, from the windows no men or women's eyes looked out upon a landscape destitute of the attraction of human life and human movement. Some few persons came to view, but no one remained to rent. Then suddenly the whole village was astounded, and possibly shocked, to hear Hewson Muir, of Kilmoon Farm, had rented the Dower House—stock, lock, and barrel; land, water, wood, and bog—as tenant-at-will, under the great family who “ought to have known better” than let the “old place to a man little more nor a labourer.” Presumably the great family, like lesser families, understood its own business at least as well as its critics. It was a family which had its personal interests at heart, and always found a way, spite of settlements and entails, of getting rid of unremunerative and troublesome property. To cut a long story short, before Mr. Muir had been a year in possession, Ardilaw changed hands, and passed into the keeping of a certain Lyle Garnsey, commonly reported to be the “wickedest man in the county.”

The sinister reputation of that gentleman who fought cocks in his dining-room, and hob-nobbed with the Heenan of his day, paled when contrasted against the scorching sins of Lyle Garnsey. In Mr. Garnsey's case distance lent enchantment to the view: what were a few cocks mangled and bleeding near Belfast in comparison with crimes committed in Dublin and London and “furrin parts”?

Over many a turf fire the misdoings of “the Squire” were spoken of with bated breath, the future of his only child, a daughter, discussed, and his own eventual destination more than hinted at.

Between this new landlord and Mr. Muir the most friendly relations were soon established; though the former was almost an infidel and the latter a red-hot Orangeman, though one man was a Liberal and the other a Tory, Mr. Muir sternly maintained “ye might chance to meet worse nor Lyle Garnsey,” while Mr. Garnsey was wont to declare he considered “Mr. Muir a most excellent person.” Twice a year, when he went to pay his rent, Mr. Muir dined at Beechfield, and it was a sight to behold him gravely accepting viands he did not like, served in a fashion to which he was not accustomed, from the hands of a footman who had much ado to conceal the disgust he felt at having to wait “upon such a fellow.”

The years went by, and Mr. Muir, at all events, made money out of Ardilaw. If nobody else had ever managed to extract a profit from the land, Mr. Muir did. He rarely worked himself, but he was without peer in the matter of seeing that other people “wrought” as they should. Sometimes he might have been seen guiding the plough, dressed in decent black, his coat a swallow-tail, and his shirt white as snow; but, as a rule, he preferred watching the turning up of the clods, and following while someone else harrowed and cast seed into the ground.

He was tall, over six feet in height—“six feet two in my stocking soles,” he often stated—of spare habit, long limbed, loosely made, with no depth in his shoulders and no width across his chest; a man who looked as if he had been thrown together instead of built; a person no human being could have called handsome.

On that wet July morning he stood beside one of the

windows in the old wainscoted dining-room, splicing the handle of a gig whip and looking out at the weather. It was indeed, as has been said, a day to try the faith of any farmer. Ordinarily, Mr. Muir—as became a man who hated the Pope, and loved “Protestant Boys,” Orange Lilies, and the rousing cry of “No Surrender!”—had sufficient faith in the wisdom and justice of his Maker; but as he watched the rain coming down faster and faster, the avenue getting wetter and wetter, the heavens growing darker and darker, he felt there must be something utterly wrong somewhere. Could it possibly have happened (trying circumstances will give rise to doubt even in minds not ordinarily prone to scepticism) that Providence, finding the whole scheme of creation too vast for individual attention, had given Ireland, as regarded its weather, over to a sort of Viceroy, who was making as great a mess of physical matters as Lord Lieutenants usually do of political?

This was a view of the question which in the then state of the hay crop seemed to Mr. Muir so extremely probable, he felt he should have liked to “threep” it out with “some sensible person;” but as there chanced to be no human being in the room except his eldest daughter “Bell,” the farmer, though big with thought, decided he had best hold his tongue, “women folk being as a rule fools to talk to.”

Miss Bell Muir was a lady who might have been guessed at any age, according to the fancy of the spectator. Really but six-and-twenty, she had that hard and battered appearance it is competent for even quite young women to assume who have always cultivated the *utile* to the exclusion of the *dulce*. There was not much *dulce* about Miss Muir. She never could be considered happy except when half killing herself, and harassing everybody about her, with a perfect plague of labour. Like her father, she loved to see other persons hard at work—unlike her father, nothing pleased her better than to work harder than them all. About the house she was a “besom of destruction.” She thought it the height of bliss to spend hours in a hurricane of sweeping, scouring, bustling, grumbling, scolding. On those evil occasions the cats were harried from the hearth; the dogs, if they put their noses inside the kitchen door, were received with the contents of a pail of water; chanticler, leading his wives across the threshold with great cur-a-rooing and much uplifting of his feet, like a high-stepping horse, had to retrace his way at a different pace and in a different fashion; while Mr. Muir himself was constantly asked “if he couldn't come into the house some different road nor across the wet flags.”

Not a labourer on the farm but knew and detested Saturday—till the evening, that is to say—when Bell, refreshed and satisfied with the results of her campaign against the powers of dirt, either took to baking griddle-bread, which scented the whole neighbourhood with a sweet, wholesome smell; or else, when one of her sisters offered to make “fadge,” or wheaten or oat cake, sat down to knit coarse stockings in a leisure so thoroughly earned.

On that particular wet morning in July, Miss Muir, occasionally looking at her father askance, the while a certain bright and brisk number seven needle glanced in and out of some fine white “shirting,” was adorned in the fullest war-paint she ever assumed when merely arming herself for domestic conflict.

It consisted of a clean and stiffly-starched print dress—colour, lilac; tone, dark; pattern, hideous. A calico apron, white as soft water and grass bleaching could make and keep it; a small woollen shawl, checked black and red, pinned securely across her bosom; and a linen cap, with two goffered borders made of the same uncompromising material, tied under her chin by a pair of linen strings about two inches wide, drawn into a cravat bow, framing her face till she looked like some sunburnt old baby.

This was Bell—the eldest female hope of Mr. Muir's three matrimonial essays—this was Bell, secretly dreaded even by her stern papa, who had not “much opinion of any of the sex”—meaning the softer portion of creation—this was Bell, so famous through all the country-side for her powers of work and management, that many a man had cast sheep's eyes upon her, and would have proposed long enough before, but for the knowledge that Miss Muir had a high opinion of her value in the matrimonial market, and for a doubt as to the amount with which Mr. Muir meant to endow her.

“Carry's first steed in his stable,” said many a canny father and mother, when discussing matters over with sons anxious to better their position; “Carry and Robert'll have the pick off Ardilaw. For all she's been to him, for all she's done for him, the old man hasn't the heart for Bell Muir he ought, considering there's not such a hand for butter in the county as hers.”

It was the butter question Miss Muir was considering, while she sat “working on” a new shirt of her father's. Nevertheless, magnanimously ignoring her own anxieties, she essayed to converse with her parent as he stood beside the window commanding a comprehensive view of the village, the lawn, the trees, the drive, and the rain.

“Have you had any further word from Sam Dopp about the cottage?” she asked, her voice sounding much older and harsher than the voice of so young a woman had any right to sound.

“Ay—his brother came over yesterday between the lights, and said Sam would agree to rising the pound there was between us, if I would put him up a pigstye; but I told him I would do no such thing—that if Sam wanted to keep pigs he must do it some place else than at my cottage.”

“Why, what ails you at the pigs, poor things? What could the Dopps do with all the leavings from so big a family without a pig to eat them up?”

“I don't know, and I don't care,” answered Mr. Muir, defiantly. “I'll neither have pigs rooting up the garden nor children destroying the clean papers and the fresh paint in the house. Mr. Orr made a sort of small paradise of the place, and if I can't get somebody that will keep it as it ought to be kept, why, it shall stay empty, that's all.”

Miss Muir put in a few energetic stitches before she observed: “You set great store by the cottage.”

“And what would hinder me to set great store by it? Where could you find its like—a picture inside and out? I just stood and looked at it the other day, and thought the man did right well to call it Clear Stream. The birds were singing and the flowers were all abloom, and the air was scented with them, and the bit of grass was green as a fairy ring, and smooth and soft like the velvet in Miss Garnsey's mantilla, and the stream was running away under the plank bridge as hard as it could go—laughing back at the sun and making merry as it went—and the myrtle-tree was a sheet of blossom—it looked for all the world as if there had been a heavy snowstorm, and tufts of it were hanging so thick as to hide the polished grass leaves—the very ground below the tree was white. I made up my mind at that minute Dopp and his swarm of children should never spoil what Mr. Orr spent such a lot of time and thought over.”

“What are you going to do then? Let it stop idle till the wet is running down the walls, and the garden is a wilderness, and you might stand up to your middle in the grass?”

Mr. Muir winced a little; he knew such things had happened before, and he saw no great cause to doubt such things

might happen again; but still he replied with dogged determination,

“I have not wholly decided, only Dopp's not going to be any tenant of mine, and I told John as much.”

“Sam will be finely pleased when he hears the notion you have taken.”

“I don't care whether he's pleased or displeased; and there's no reason that I'm aware of why I shouldn't have my way as well as another.”

“You're right there—there is no reason at all.”

“Still, there is no call why the house should stand empty, if that can be helped; so I've put an advertisement in the News Letter, that Clear Stream Cottage, Dundonald, is to be rented by the year.”

“The whole of Belfast will be running after it,” commented Miss Muir, with a fine sneer.

“It may, but I hope it won't be on a day like this;” and, having got a confession off his mind which had been weighing upon it, Mr. Muir resumed his occupation; while Miss Muir, proceeding with her sewing, considered how she could “pay her father off for not letting the Cottage to that decent man Sam Dopp.”

“It's ‘teeming’ still,” she began, seizing the opportunity threading her needle afforded for changing her attitude and “looking fair” at the author of her being.

“An' the Lord alone knows when it intends to leave off,” said Mr. Muir, so entirely suspending the business of splicing that the released length of string immediately uncoiled itself. “But what the carle can ye expect when it rains on Sant Swethen's Day—Devil take him, whoever he was? He couldn't have been much of a Sant, in my opinion, or he'd have given a thought to honest folk trying to make an honest living between — and the North-East wind, as somebody says.”

“You don't believe in all that old story, I'm very sure, father,” observed Miss Muir, who, like her surviving parent, had her own special form of scepticism.

“What would hinder me believing it? My father and my grandfather and, I'm very sure, my great-grandfather before that, believed in St. Swethin's Day; and I never was one to fly in the face of my elders. Why wouldn't I?”

“It's just a legend got up by the Romans for their own ends,” persisted the lady.

“Have your way of the matter, as I'm very sure you will,” said Mr. Muir; “but ye can't deny it mostly does rain on the fifteenth of July, Old Style.”

“Ay, and it rains many an odd time besides,” retorted Bell.

“Well, it's an ill wind blows nobody good. If it hadn't been for the wet, you and Carline and Sall would have had to do the churning among ye this morning.”

“Me and Sall you mean—it's little help, but disturbance, we'd have got from Carline.”

“What's the young officer doing with himself now he can't limp out to the lawn or down to the river?” asked Mr. Muir, discreetly changing the subject.

“He's just painting the beech-tree from the passage window; Carline carried him out a table, and set his things ready after breakfast; and as for limping, he can put his foot to the ground as well as either of us when he likes. I saw him yesterday going up the stairs three at a time, but he didn't know I was near. If he had, it's holding on by the baluster he'd have been, and groaning with the pain.”

Having completed which vivid outline, a vast deal more true to nature than Ensign Lurham ever sketched, Miss Muir proceeded with her work, and left her father to fill in such details as pleased or did not please him at his leisure.

“It's just awful to look at you rain,” observed the farmer, when he had quite finished splicing the whip, and stood idly twisting the lash round the handle, looking out at the steady downpour which bade fair ere long to swell the rivers, and bring a second course of water over the land.

“It is that,” agreed Miss Muir. “What a pity you would mow that grass in the long meadow; it'll every bit rot on the ground; I doubt if it'll even come in for litter.”

“Ye've a pleasant way of putting things, my woman.”

“Well, what I say's true. You wouldn't have me tell you a lie, would you?”

“I'm not just so sure it's always agreeable to hear the truth.”

“We're not of the same way of thinking, then,” observed Miss Muir, in a spirit of the sternest virtue.

“I don't know that, either, Bell. For instance, if one said you were a very ordinary sort of woman to look at, it wouldn't be a lie—but I doubt if you'd be best pleased, after all.”

“I never did set up to be anything beyond the common,” returned Miss Muir, with a sublime composure, though her father's remark cut her to the quick.

“Maybe it was just as well,” retorted her father.

On hearing which remark, Miss Muir, Christian name Isabella, rose with great dignity and, observing, “As you are in the mind to pay me such fine compliments I think I'll go and print the butter; my hands are cool now,” left the room.

“Your hands may be cool,” soliloquised Mr. Muir, “but your temper isn't.” An idea apparently so comforting, that though, looking at the sodden earth, he again anathematised the good St. Swithin, it was not with half the fervour which distinguished his previous utterances.

CHAPTER II.

A deluge of summer rain was sweeping the Belfast streets clean. Dawn had appeared, clad in delicate grey wrappings of sad misty cloud, and it is only fair to say the fulfilment of day did not belie the promise of morn. The sun remained resolutely out of sight, the heavens were leaden, the earth was sodden, Devis, the Cave Hill, and the Black Mountain had not merely “put their nightcaps on,” but retired altogether from view.

A good stream, swift as a mountain torrent, was running down each filthy gutter. On Lettuce and Carrick Hills rosy, curly-headed, barefooted children were in the turbid water which rushed to flush the sewers, disporting themselves like ducklings. Upon the Crumlin-road, past the Courthouse, where Justice—her eyes bandaged with a stone fillet—sits high aloft, holding her scales, utterly crooked, car-drivers, with shout and whip, urged fast horses recklessly; Hercules-street, then lined with butchers' shops, was foul with garbage, borne onward to the gullies; in Sandy-row peace reigned; the weather was so bad the Orangemen had not a thought to spare for their friend Pious William or their foe the Pope; at the Docks wretchedness unspeakable prevailed, miserable cattle awaiting shipment were penned together in sheds open to wind and rain; in the air there was that raw, moist chilliness which makes the Irish climate so trying; the Lough resembled a sea of liquid mud, where white-crested billows tossed restlessly; the soft green slopes of Down and the bold scenery of Antrim were alike impartially hidden from mortal eye. Belfast was looking its worst—and that worst can be very bad indeed—on the dreary summer's morning when Mr. Muir stood splicing the handle of his whip and contemplating the pouring rain, and thinking of his rotting hay, and saying injurious things concerning Saint Swithin.

In a room on the first floor of Cunningham's Hotel, which

commanded the spectacle of York and Donegall-streets being swept by "sheets" of rain, sat two ladies dressed in deep mourning. Not the slightest likeness could be traced between them, yet they stood in the relation of mother and daughter. The latter was tall; her complexion pale, with the delicate creamy pallor of Mary's lilies; her eyes large, liquid, and of that dark deep blue rarely seen out of Ireland, shaded with long brown lashes that would have made them at times look black, had it not been for their tender melting softness; her face was of the truest shape of Irish beauty, narrowing somewhat to a perfect chin. (Those of my readers who have seen at Hardwicke Castle the portrait of that famous lady, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, will understand what I mean.) Her forehead was broad, not high; her nose short, straight, and decided; her upper lip short also, and perhaps a trifle scornful, telling of a latent pride which might have been fully developed in her character had circumstances proved propitious; her mouth; but, ah! how can I—with the mists of years rising between that frank sweet mouth, with its thousand suggested loves and griefs, and to-day—hope, through the cold, hard, medium of pen and ink, to do justice to that most exquisite mouth! The light and shadows playing at hide-and-seek on a hill side—or chasing each other over the water, or coming and going, flickering and changing on the turf through a tracery of green leaves—could not have told more surely the story of cloud and sunshine, than did the sweet lips and the sensitive curves reveal, to an understanding eye, the joy or the trouble agitating the girl's young heart. For though she had known bitter sorrow, and shed those salt tears wrung from the deepest depths of human suffering, the anguish of which can never be quite forgotten during the happiest after experience, she was still young—little more than seventeen—with only her face for her fortune, a face which, in the opinion of her mother, could by the most partial individual only be considered a most contemptible dowry.

Twenty years previously Mrs. Boyle's beauty had been of the pink shepherdess type; what it was on that wet morning when, after an absence long as the period of her married life, she sat looking at the dreary vista of York-street, swept by driving rain, might have tried the courtesy of her old admirers to say. Under the most favourable circumstances it is a style too apt to fade, and certainly the widow had faded a good deal. The delicate rose pink of her earlier womanhood, having left her cheeks and settled in the tip of her nose, gave to that feature a somewhat exasperating prominence not originally contemplated by nature; her eyes, once "blue as harebells," had, with twenty years' hard wear, become, as regards the iris, wellnigh colourless; there were at the corners of her mouth and across her forehead suspicious lines, strange to see in a woman who professed to have got only half-way through the seventy years allotted to man. For thirty-five, she looked extremely old; but then some persons, many persons, do look older than their actual age. Besides, she might have made a mistake concerning the date of her birth. It is only charitable to suppose she was eternally making mistakes on this subject, since, while that awkward entry in the baptismal registry showed a steady tendency to advance, the years to which she owned exhibited an even greater decision in the matter of retrogression.

Her figure was light and trim as in the days when she never lacked partners at the great Dublin parties so often referred to in the paternal home near Ballyclare; or when, in the Belfast streets, she was viewed and admired afar; and many men would have proposed to a girl who fulfilled their idea of feminine loveliness, had they been sure of the fortune with which her father—an exceedingly vulgar attorney, in rather shady practice—meant to endow his charming daughter.

The deep crease she wore "out of compliment" to her dead husband was almost new, yet already she had begun to consider his possible successor. Belfast having been the scene of her earliest conquests, she felt an assured conviction the moment Bridge-street and Donegall-place knew her once once more, fresh victories would follow.

Twenty years' daily association with persons well born, well educated, well mannered, and well cultured had failed to refine Mrs. Boyle's accent or tone of thought. Good books might never have been written, good music never composed, good pictures never painted, high aspirations never conceived, for all contact with them had done for her.

In every essential, save appearance, she was still the Milly Vince who had, between the years of grace 1820 and 1830, laughed and coquetted and giggled, and, in her own exhaustive phraseology, "put her best foot foremost," till, at the mature age of nine-and-twenty, she snared, by means of her "endearing young charms," the susceptible heart of Ulick Boyle. Whether those charms alone would have ever carried the affair beyond the confines of flirtation is open to doubt; but backed by a stern parent, who, declaring he did not mean to stand any shilly-shallying, threatened an action for "breach," they proved irresistible. Some women might have felt a delicacy about marrying when the man had to be brought to church only by dint of a legal pistol held at his ear. But the fair Milly, spite of her pink-and-white complexion and blue eyes, and fragile person and little affectations of timidity, did not allow any scruples of that sort to come between her and happiness. "Though, indeed, taking Ulick Boyle was the worst day's work I ever did," she had said not less than three hundred and sixty-five times a year during the course of her married life. "I often wonder he has the face to look at me, deceiving a girl as he did. If my poor father hadn't thought he was just rolling in riches he'd never have let me said a word to him"—which was indeed a most unjust libel on the excellent sense of that astute individual.

"I wonder if Richard's never coming," began Mrs. Boyle, after vainly craning her head so as to try to obtain a glimpse of the open door below. "I'm tired out waiting for him."

"It is not twelve yet, mamma," answered Miss Boyle; "and Mr. Vince's note said he could not possibly call before noon."

"There you go with your manmas, and your noons, and your Mr. Vincses. Why can't you talk plain English, and speak as I do? and if I've told you once I've told you a hundred times not to be calling me 'mamma, mamma, mamma,' for ever and ever. What's the good of setting people wondering to see a young woman like myself with a great maypole of a girl by my side. I can't be telling every stranger I was married at fifteen, and indeed before."

"I am very sorry," murmured the "maypole." "I forgot."

"You forgot, indeed—it's always forgot, forgot, forgot with you. If I forgot as you do I wonder what would become of us. It's well I have head enough for a dozen; and that minds me I'm fairly starving with the hunger. Fetch down that bone of the turkey. I had scarcely a bite at breakfast. I've got bread I cut before the waiter came up to take the things away. You'd never have thought of doing that, I'll be bound."

"I do not think I should," answered Miss Boyle.

"You won't do much good in the world if you do not keep your wits about you. There never was a Vince yet hadn't more than his share. Put them where you like they're sure

to light on their feet. Now run up stairs and fetch that morsel of food. I'm fit to faint. What are you waiting for? You've got the key of the box."

"Do you think it would be well to bring it down just now? Supposing Mr. Vince came?"

"Well, supposing he did? The man is aware we must eat sometimes—though it's little enough contents me, goodness knows; and don't anger me by calling him Mr. Vince. He was christened Richard, and nobody I ever heard of, except my father, shortened the name to Dick."

"But I really could not!"

"Why couldn't you? What would hinder you?"

"It would seem such a liberty."

"Liberty, indeed!" repeated Mrs. Boyle, with a sarcastic laugh. "Liberty! and Richard Vince my own father's brother's son!"

"Yes; but I have never seen him, and he must be years older than I am, and"—

"Oh! get along with you, do; never let me hear you talking folly like that again; and don't be putting affronts on my relations, who are the only people now able and willing to help us. Where would you be at this minute, I should be glad to know, if it wasn't for my cousin Richard?"

Judging from the expression of Miss Boyle's face, she would have preferred almost any other place to that precise portion of the earth where she stood, through no wish or fault of her own.

"Shall I get the turkey?" she inquired, in the tone of a person who did not much relish the commission.

"Shall you get the turkey?" repeated the widow, with withering scorn. "Yes, you will get the turkey, if you don't want to see me drop down with exhaustion; and when you come back shoot the bolt, that Richard mayn't catch us. Now make haste, and don't let me have to speak to you again."

Facing the inevitable as if it had been a tiger, Miss Boyle braced her courage for the event, and proceeded in search of the remains of that wretched bird, for twenty-four hours previously the cause of much care and trouble. Less diplomacy has served to annex a state or cede a territory than was rendered necessary by Mrs. Boyle's determination at once to eat fowl and yet keep it out of the hotel bills.

Her daughter could not have touched a morsel of the creature had even great interests depended on her doing so; while the widow considered it the correct thing largely to partake of the delicacy. Most of the bird was gone, indeed the whole of it except one leg of goodly proportions, and Mrs. Boyle had herself consumed the whole save the bones, which she in an unpretending and primitive manner picked very bare indeed.

"Do have a bit, Berna," she hospitably entreated, unfolding a newspaper wrapping up the bird, and spreading it like a tablecloth over her knees. "It's a beautiful turkey, and we needn't be leaving any of it over. We'll be in clover now we are here. Richard'll see to us. I wouldn't wonder if he took us straight off in a covered car to Craigvalen. I've told you before he has a place there just a very sight for beauty, lawns as smooth as velvet, flowers the scent of which is enough to take away your breath, fishponds, as if there were not fish of all sorts and to spare in the Lough. You've heard talk of Carrick oysters, you'll taste them now. Oh! there are grand times in store for you if only you won't be turning your back on good luck, as your father was so fond of doing. Well, as I was telling you about Craigvalen, there's not a tree or shrub you could name but 's in the grounds. They're just for all the world, as far as I can understand, like the garden of Eden, only Richard has no wild beasts. Why don't you eat, girl, and get some colour in your cheeks? I'm sure I dread my relations seeing you—they'll say you can be no child of mine. But that you're well grown—though you're slight and useless as a willow wand—I'd think the fairies had changed you in your cradle. There now, take that away; why don't you heed what I say, and your cousin's foot on the stair? For goodness' sake, Berna, put the bone somewhere—anywhere; and, stop a minute; is my hair smooth? Oh! this cap—this cap, that makes the best of looking women frights, weary on it, and just when I was wanting to be at my best, too! Do you mean to open that door to-day? Don't you know the man's bruising his knuckles rapping? and all the Vincses had nice hands.—I'm so sorry, Richard, you were kept waiting. There's something wrong with the catch, I think," and uttering this huge falsehood, Mrs. Boyle, sinpering coquettishly, ambled up to her cousin and presented her hand for his acceptance, a kindness she would have supplemented with the addition of her cheek; but that Mr. Vince looked so unlikely a person to feel grateful for such an attention, the delicate idea was nipped in the bud.

"And so here's yourself at last," said the widow, in a light and sportive manner. "How are you?"

With grave deliberation Mr. Vince intimated he was pretty well; he considered the weather trying, but, upon the whole, he felt thankful to say he could give a tolerably good report of his health.

"I wish I could say as much," sighed Mrs. Boyle, with a downward glance at her crape. "I have had so much to go through, I wonder I'm alive."

"I was very sorry indeed to hear of your loss," said Mr. Vince—he had previously written to state as much, and he now most heartily wished that rash proceeding could be undone.

"You needn't tell me you were sorry," cried the widow, effusively; "all my family had feeling hearts. Oh! this is Berna—his daughter, you know. You did not see her when you were with us."

No, Mr. Vince had not seen the young person thus introduced; and something in his tone, and the way he shook hands, conveyed the idea that if he had not seen her then he would not have broken his heart.

"I was greatly surprised to find you were in Belfast," he remarked to Mrs. Boyle after these amenities, at the same time, in compliance with that lady's earnest entreaties, "sitting down off his feet."

"And where else could we come except to Belfast?" asked the widow.

"Rather a difficult question to answer offhand; but I should have thought there were many places more agreeable and attractive."

"My own notion," retorted Mrs. Boyle, "is, no place is so pleasant as among your own people, if you are rich; and I don't consider any place can be so suitable if you are poor."

"I trust the latter is not your case," said Mr. Vince, who was becoming seriously uneasy.

"Why, don't you know?—haven't you heard?"

"Certainly not; how should I know or hear?"

"I made sure somebody had told you I was thrown on the world without a sixpence. As I said to Berna when your letter came, apologising for not attending the funeral, and trusting I would write if you could be of any assistance. Now, that's the Vincses all over—they're never behind when any friend is sick or sorry."

To judge from the expression of Mr. Vince's grim face, no man ever lived less desirous of playing the part of "Good Samaritan."

"I scarcely understand," he remarked, ignoring the inferred compliment to his own excellent qualities. "Do you mean that Mr. Boyle made no provision for you in the event of his death?"

"That's just what I do mean—and I don't wonder at your being indignant at the way I've been treated. If I'd only known—but there's no use fretting over spilt milk; and nobody can deny it's spilt milk for me to be left a widow with a great girl to keep, on a paltry sixty pounds a year."

"But I thought you said you had nothing?"

"And what's sixty pounds?"

"Over twenty-three shillings a week!"

"Just about enough to buy boot laces!"

"I think you could scarcely spend twenty-three shillings a week on boot laces," remonstrated Mr. Vince, with the most absurd and anxious gravity. "Many persons live on less."

"And I wouldn't have had even that pittance if it hadn't been for my father," explained Mrs. Boyle, who felt the aspect of affairs was getting serious; "he insisted—oh! he knew the nature of the man I was marrying—that Ulick should insure his life. He didn't want to do anything of the sort, and he wouldn't put his money like another person in the office the old man recommended. No. The 'Scottish Widows' was the only thing that took his fancy."

"It seems to me, Boyle," said my father—you know he always would have his joke—you might just as well put your premiums at the back of the fire. I don't know about Scottish widows, but I don't think an Irish widow would stop one long. It was just a harmless piece of fun, but Ulick sulked for a week about it."

Involuntarily Mr. Vince turned towards the sofa where Berna sat, leaning against the cushion she knew concealed the bare thigh-bone of that horrible bird. He fancied she had spoken; but she was utterly still, her head turned towards the window, her hands clasped tight together in her lap.

"I do not suppose the question of marriage would affect your annuity," he remarked; beyond all other things, Mr. Vince was practical—"business to the backbone" declared his admirers.

"Oh! it is not of myself I'm thinking," explained Mrs. Boyle; "it's that girl. What would become of her if I was taken—and as the Holy Bible truly says, 'In the midst of life we're in death'—I can't imagine; she hasn't a bit of pluck in her."

"Do not trouble yourself about me, mamma," entreated Miss Boyle, again forgetful of the maternal mandate.

"It's all very well to say don't trouble, but how am I to help troubling? If you can tell me that, I'll be very much obliged to you."

"Will not your husband's grandmother?—I always thought"—hesitated Mr. Vince, finding the girl seemed unable or unwilling to solve the conundrum proposed.

"And you thought right enough," said Mrs. Boyle; "the old lady is just rolling in wealth. She has her servants, and her carriages, and her fine house, and her gold, and her silver, and her plate, and her jewels; and is wrapped up in her money, when she ought to be considering her sinful soul, and how soon she'll have to appear before her Maker. And Berna had the finest chance ever was of coming in for the whole of it. I declare when I think of her foolishness I could sit down and cry my eyes out. When she wanted a day or two of sixteen she had her choice. All the dowager asked her to do was give up her home and me and be made for life; and she wouldn't. As if I hadn't trouble enough without her making more for me."

"But, surely, you cannot find fault with your daughter because she refused to give up her mother," expostulated Mr. Vince, who felt, however extraordinary Miss Boyle's preference might be, it was one he ought to commend.

"I'm not finding fault with her for that; as I told her, where would you find a mother like me?"

Mr. Vince was about as destitute of all sense of humour as an Irishman ever can be. Yet Mrs. Boyle's question tickled his fancy to such a degree he could not avoid smiling as he said:

"There is a good deal in that, to be sure."

"There's everything," answered the widow; "and for that reason she ought to have taken advice, and been led by one a little older and ever so much wiser than herself. But she's her father's daughter all over—looks and nature—head-strong as he was. If he'd only listened to me he might have been spared to see whether there was nothing he could do for us; but he never thought of anybody but himself!"

"Mamma!" interposed Berna.

"You needn't fire up. I'm not speaking against him. Only if he hadn't, just for contrariness, ridden that chesnut!"

"Really, I do think, Mrs. Boyle!"

"And you call me Mrs. Boyle—me, your father's brother's own child—what'll become of us!—and I made sure you'd be as glad to see me as my husband was you. Why, if I'd let him, he'd have turned the house out of window to do you honour, he was that pleased to see one belonging to me inside his doors. Not ten minutes ago I was saying to Berna, Richard'll be ordering an inside-car and taking us straight off to Craigvalen, and showing us his grand place, and making us acquainted with his fine wife."

The peril was so imminent, Mr. Vince felt he dare not lose a moment.

"I am excessively sorry," he said, "but it is quite impossible I should ask you to my house. Mrs. Vince would not hear of such a thing for a moment."

For about the space of time it could have taken for any one to count five, Mrs. Boyle remained gazing at her kinsman with wild incredulity, then exclaiming, "And here am I stranded on the faith of what you'd do for me," she burst into a perfectly real and unaffected passion of tears.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Berna, and, forgetful of the dreadful thing wrapped up in newspaper buried beneath the sofa pillow, she hurriedly crossed the room, and, kneeling on the carpet, threw her arms around a mother whose "like" she would, happily, have found it difficult to find.

(To be continued.)

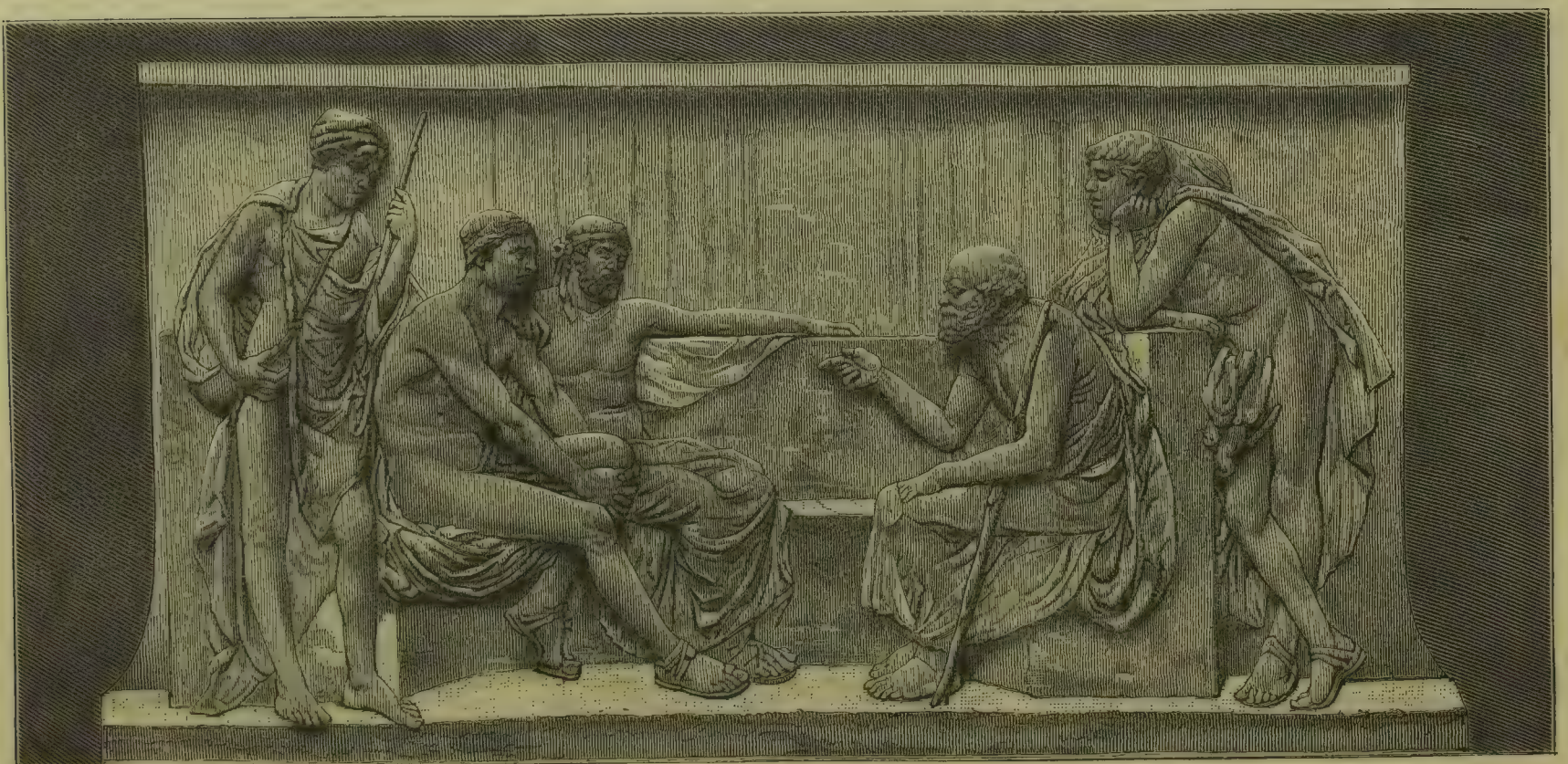
In connection with the recent conference at the Mansion House on the dwellings of the London poor, it has been decided to form a general council, whose duty it will be to endeavour to put in force existing Acts bearing upon the sanitary condition of tenement houses, to promote the construction of suitable new dwellings, and to take note of necessities for further legislation.

Lady Charlotte Watson has given £100 for the distribution of coal and other relief on her Wiltshire estate, and the tenants have had 15 per cent allowed on the rents.—Mr. Leopold De Rothschild, at his audit, held at the King's Head Inn, Aylesbury, has again returned to all his tenants on his Bucks estate 15 per cent of their rent due at Michaelmas last. To every inhabitant of four villages and to all the cottagers on his estates, wherever situated, he has also given substantial presents of Christmas beef, and upwards of a ton has been thus distributed.

PRIZE WORKS OF STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

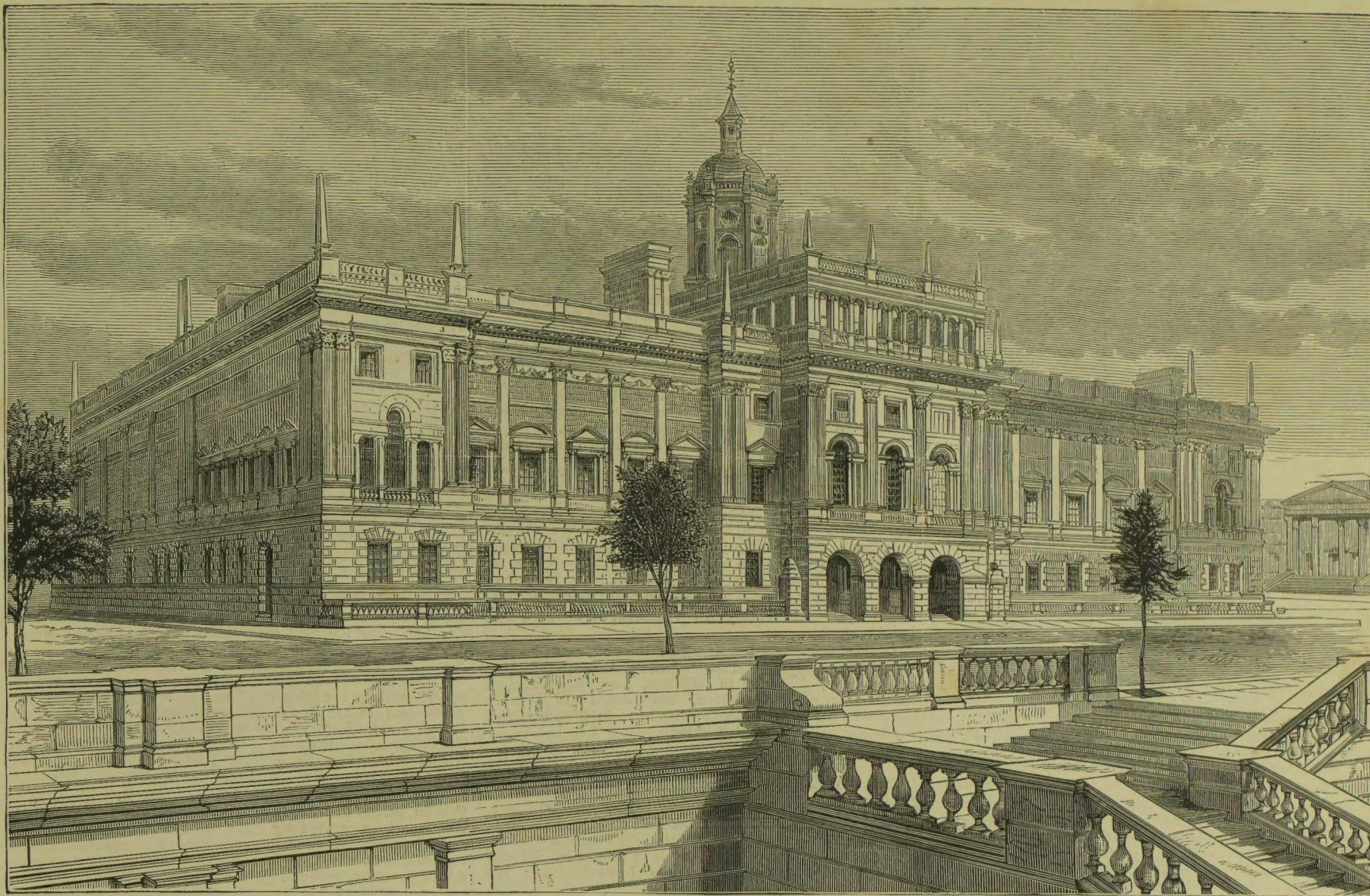


CARTOON OF A DRAPED FIGURE: "ANTIGONE POURING THE OFFERINGS." BY M. W. GREIFFENHAGEN.

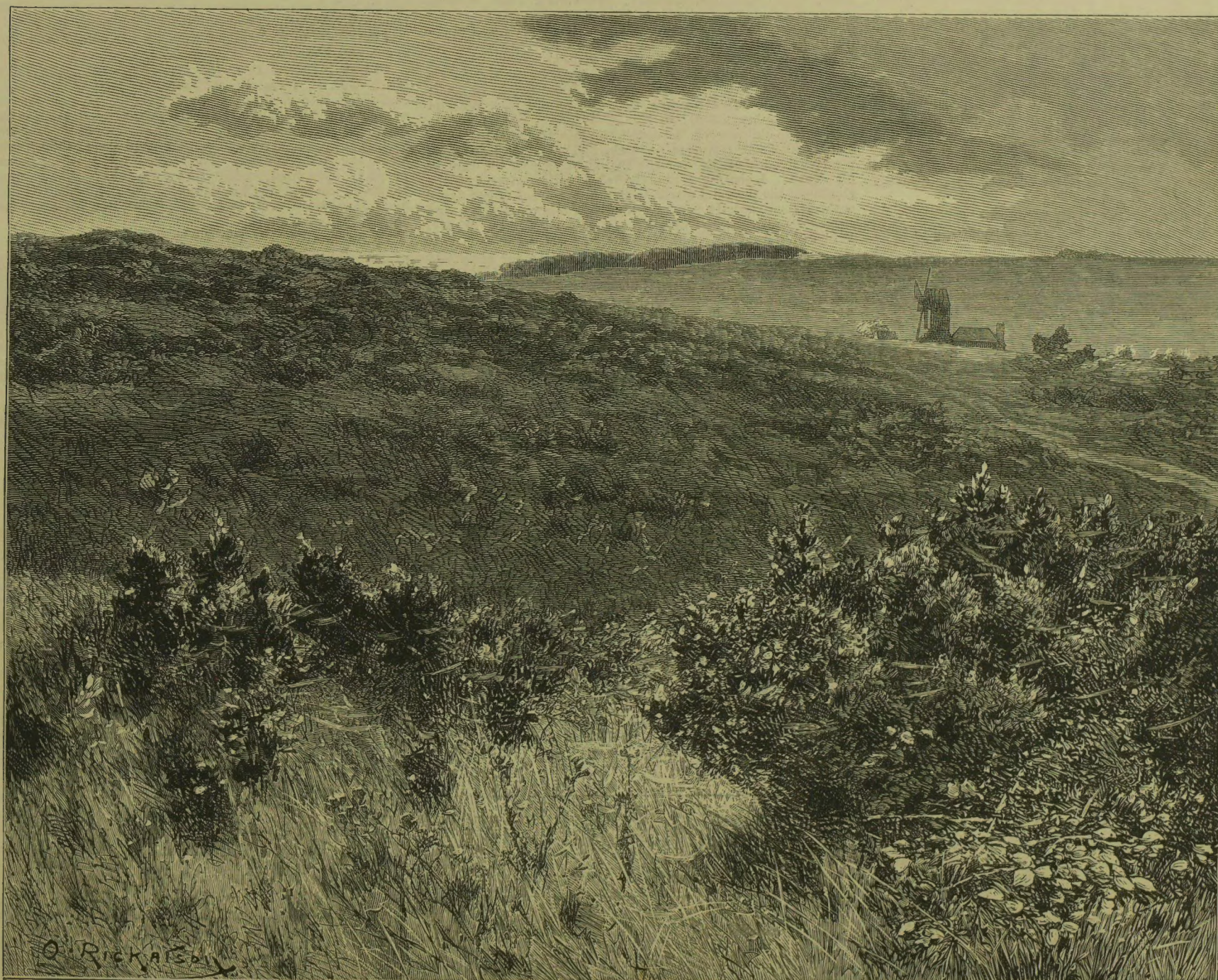


COMPOSITION IN SCULPTURE: "SOCRATES TEACHING THE PEOPLE IN THE AGORA." BY HENRY BATES.

PRIZE WORKS OF STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.



DESIGN IN ARCHITECTURE: "AN ACADEMY OF ARTS." BY E. G. HARDY.



LANDSCAPE-PAINTING: "CALM AND DEEP PEACE ON THIS HIGH WOLD." TURNER GOLD MEDAL. BY R. O. RICKATSON.

OBITUARY.

SIR DIGBY CAYLEY, BART.

Sir Digby Cayley, seventh Baronet, of Brompton, in the county of York, J.P. and D.L., died on the 21st ult. He was born March 13, 1807, the eldest son of Sir George Cayley, sixth Baronet, by Sarah, his wife, only daughter of the Rev. George Walker, F.R.S., of Nottingham, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At the death of his father, Dec. 15, 1857, he succeeded to the baronetcy conferred in 1661 on his ancestor, Sir William Cayley, Knt., of Brompton, for his services in the Civil War. Sir Digby married, July 8, 1830, Dorothy, second daughter and coheir of the Rev. George Allanson, of Middleton, Quernhow, in the county of York, and by her (who died April 4, 1881) leaves issue. His eldest son, now Sir George Allanson Cayley, eighth Baronet, was born Dec. 31, 1831, and was married, July 5, 1859, to Catherine Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir William Worsley, Bart., by whom he has two sons and one daughter.

SIR CHARLES FITZROY MACLEAN, BART.

Sir Charles Fitzroy Maclean, ninth Baronet, of Morvaren, in the county of Argyll, died on the 27th ult., at West Cliffe House, Folkestone, aged eighty-five. He was elder son of Lieutenant-General Sir Fitzroy Jeffries Grafton Maclean, eighth Baronet, and succeeded, at the decease of his father in 1847, to the baronetcy, conferred in 1632 on Sir Lachlan Maclean of Morvaren, one of Montrose's gallant companions in arms. The gentleman whose death we record was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst, entered the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1816, and attained the rank of Colonel in 1846. He commanded, for some time, the 81st Regiment, and held the office of Military Secretary at Gibraltar. He married, May 10, 1831, Emily Eleanor, fourth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Jacob Marsham, D.D., Canon of Windsor, uncle of the Earl of Romney, and by her (who died April 12, 1838) had (with four daughters—Emily Frances Harriet; Louisa Marianne, wife of the Hon. R. P. Nevill; Fanny Henrietta, wife of Vice-Admiral A. W. A. Hood, R.N., C.B.; and Georgina Marcia, wife of Mr. J. A. Rolls, of The Hendre, M.P.) one son, now Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, tenth Baronet, Lieutenant-Colonel, late commanding 13th Hussars, who is married to Constance Marianne, daughter of Mr. George Holland Ackers, of Moreton Hall, Cheshire; and has issue.

SIR J. B. DARVALL.

Sir John Bayley Darvall, K.C.M.G., M.A., died on the 28th ult. He was son of the late Captain Darvall, 9th Dragoons, by Emily Godschall, his wife, daughter of Mr. Godschall Johnson, and received his education at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1833. In 1838 he was called to the Bar, made Q.C. in 1853, appointed Solicitor-General of New South Wales in 1856, and advanced to be Attorney-General and Member of the Executive Council in 1857. In 1861 he became a Life Member of the Legislative Council, having, the previous year, been nominated C.M.G. In 1877, he was promoted to be Knight Commander of the Order. Sir John married, in 1839, Flora Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Shapland, C.B., and was left a widower in 1879.

HON. R. E. S. PLUNKETT.

The Hon. Randall Edward Sherborne Plunkett, eldest son and heir apparent of Edward, present Lord Dunsany, by Anne Constance, his wife, daughter of the second Lord Sherborne, died at Madeira on Christmas Day. He was born Nov. 15, 1848, and received his education at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated. From 1874 to 1880 he represented West Gloucestershire as a Conservative, but was defeated at the last General Election. He was not married. The Plunketts of Dunsany are a distinguished branch of the noble family of Plunkett, and their barony dates from the reign of Henry VI.

COLONEL EDWARD CHAPLIN.

Colonel Edward Chaplin, M.P. for Lincoln from 1874 to 1880, died on the 24th ult. He was born March 28, 1842, the second son of the Rev. Henry Chaplin, Vicar of Ryhall, Rutlandshire, by Caroline Horatia, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Ellice, and was brother of the present Mr. Henry Chaplin, of Blankney, M.P. for Mid-Lincolnshire. After passing through Harrow, Colonel Chaplin served for some years in the Coldstream Guards. He married, in 1877, Lady Gwendolen Theresa Talbot, second daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury.

THE LADY MARY NISBET HAMILTON.

The Lady Mary Christopher-Nisbet-Hamilton, of Bloxholm, Lincolnshire, and of Dirleton, Haddingtonshire, died at her seat, Biel, near Prestonkirk, on the 21st ult. This lady, one

of the greatest heiresses of her time, was born Aug. 28, 1801, the eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, and inherited from her mother, Mary, only child of Mr. William Hamilton Nisbet, of Dirleton and Belhaven, the great estates of her family. She married, Jan. 28, 1828, the Right Hon. Robert Adam Dundas, who assumed the surnames of Christopher-Nisbet-Hamilton, was M.P. for North Lincolnshire, and in 1852 Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He died June 9, 1877. Their only child and heiress, Mary Georgina Constance, is now of Bloxholm and Dirleton.

THE MARCHESA STAPLETON-BRETHERTON.

Mary Stapleton-Bretherton, Marchesa Romana, died on the 22nd ult., at Rainhill, in Lancashire, aged seventy-five. This lady, who has left great wealth, was only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Bartholomew Bretherton, of Rainhill, and was twice married. Her first husband, Mr. William Gerard, brother of the present Lord Gerard, died in 1844; and her second, Mr. Gilbert Stapleton, brother of the late Lord Beaumont, in 1856. Sometime after, she was granted the Queen's Royal License to add her maiden name to that of Stapleton, and was created a Marchesa by Pope Pius IX. She leaves no issue.

MR. TOWNSHEND-MAINWARING.

Mr. Townshend-Mainwaring, of Galltfaenan, county Denbigh, J.P., M.P. for Denbigh from 1841 to 1847, and from 1857 to 1868, whose death is just announced, was born in 1807, the second son of the Rev. Charles Mainwaring, of Oteley Park, Shropshire, by Sarah Susannah, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Townshend, of Hem House, county Denbigh. He received his education at Rugby, and at Brasenose College, Oxford; and married, in 1837, Anna Maria, daughter and heiress of Colonel Lloyd Salusbury, of Galltfaenan, by whom he leaves issue. He served as High Sheriff for Denbighshire in 1840.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mary, Lady Mitchell, widow of Colonel Sir T. Livingston Mitchell, D.C.L., at Sydney, New South Wales, on the 20th ult.

Lady Louisa Percy, sister of the Duke of Northumberland, on the 23rd ult., aged eighty one.

Louisa Mary, widow of the Right Rev. Charles Leslie, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore, and second daughter of the late Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Henry King, K.C.B., on the 23rd ult., aged eighty.

Major-General Edward Bannerman Ramsay, second son of Sir Alexander Ramsay, second Baronet, of Balmain, by Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter of William, Lord Panmure, on Christmas Day, aged fifty-seven. He entered the Army in 1844, served with the Turkish Contingent in 1855, and retired as Major-General Madras Staff in 1876.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and two codicils of the Right Hon. Samuel Jones, Baron Overstone, of Overstone, in the county of Northampton, and Carlton-gardens, in the county of Middlesex, who died on the 17th day of November last, have been proved by the executors, the testator's daughter, Lady Loyd-Lindsay; her husband, Colonel Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay, V.C., K.C.B., M.P.; Mr. William Jones Loyd, and Mr. Charles Loyd Norman, the value of the personal estate being sworn under £2,100,000. The will bears date the 18th of March, 1882; the two codicils the 29th of March, 1882, and the 21st of June, 1883, respectively. As regards his personal estate, Lord Overstone leaves all rents due at his death, and his jewels, plate, books, pictures, statuary, prints, furniture, horses, carriages, chattels, and effects (except money and securities for money), to his daughter, Lady Loyd-Lindsay, absolutely. He also gives her Ladyship an absolute power of disposing of £150,000. His Lordship gives the following legacies:—To Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay, £20,000; to Mr. Lewis Vivian Loyd, £40,000; to Mr. William Jones Loyd, £30,000; to Mr. Charles Loyd Norman, £20,000; to the Rev. William Gilson Humphry, £2000; to Mr. E. U. Eddis, £2000; and to each of the children of his cousin the late Mr. Thomas Kirkman Loyd, £8000 Government stock. His Lordship also gives legacies to each of his servants in his service at the time of his death. Lady Loyd-Lindsay takes a life interest in the residue of the personal estate, which, in the event of her dying without issue, is to be invested in land or other securities, and settled on Mr. Lewis Vivian Loyd (the eldest son of Mr. William Jones Loyd) and his sons in strict settlement. As regards his real estate, his Lordship leaves his Berkshire estates to the trustees of the settlements made on the marriage of his daughter, Lady Loyd-Lindsay, and she has under his Lordship's will a power of disposing of those estates, subject to the life interests of herself and Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay in them. His Lordship leaves the Witherbrook, Wolvey, Coldham, and Grandborough estates to Mr. Lewis Vivian Loyd and his sons in strict settlement. His Lordship leaves his house in Carlton-gardens and the residue of his real estate to Lady Loyd-Lindsay, for her life, and after her death to Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay for his life, and after the death of the survivor to their children. In the event of Lady Loyd-Lindsay leaving no children, and subject to the life interest of Sir

Robert and Lady Loyd-Lindsay, the house in Carlton-gardens and the residue of the real estate follow the disposition of the Witherbrook, Wolvey, Coldham, and Grandborough estates.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1883) of Mr. William Hamilton Crake, late of No. 50, Old Broad-street, merchant, and of No. 34, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 22 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Jane Crake, the widow, and George Crake, the son, two of the executors for England, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £209,000. The testator leaves to his wife £2000 and all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages; he also leaves her during life or widowhood his leasehold residence and an annuity of £1800, so as to make up her annual income, with what she is otherwise entitled to, to £3000 at least; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Edith Hamilton Lucas, and Mrs. Ada Jane Teague; and there are some further legacies to his daughters, also to his brothers, sons-in-law, two nieces, butler, and other domestic servants. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his five sons, George, William Parry, Arthur Hamilton, Douglas Hamilton, and Lawrence Hamilton.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1878) of Mr. Cobbett Derby, late of No. 12, Regency-square, Brighton, who died on July 22 last, at 27, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde Park, was proved on the 7th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Fludyer, Richard Alexander Bevan, and Arnold William White, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £82,000. The testator leaves £100 to the Sussex County Hospital; £200 between his executors; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Caroline Louisa Derby, for life, and then as she shall appoint. In default of any appointment by Mrs. Derby, the testator gives £5000 to his daughter Caroline Eliza Derby; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Mary Henrietta Leach; one moiety of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his daughter the Hon. Mrs. Katharine Louisa Drummond; and the remaining moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ethell Maria Pechell.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 26, 1882) of Mrs. Ann Earle, late of Hungershall Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Oct. 19 last, were proved on the 3rd ult. by the Rev. Alfred Earle, the son, Miss Clara Dowson Earle, the daughter, Joseph Sim Earle, the nephew, and Frank Kirton Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £57,000. The testatrix gives £100 to each of her executors; her horses and carriages, and her leasehold interest in the house and land at Hungershall Park, to her son Alfred; her household furniture, plate, and effects, subject to some specific gifts to her other children, to her daughter Clara; and £2000 each to her grandchildren, Frederick Clark and Constance Mary Clark. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one equal fifth part, upon trust, for each of her children, Alfred Earle, Mrs. Jane Mary Massey, Miss Clara Dowson Earle, Mrs. Ellen Moore, and Mrs. Gertrude Walford Jones.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1883) of Mr. Aristides George Caridia, late of No. 33, Leinster-gardens, who died on Oct. 17 last, has been proved by Mrs. Penelope Caridia, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his property, real and personal, of what nature and kind soever, and whether in England, Russia, Turkey, or elsewhere, to his wife.

The will of Mr. John O'Reilly, M.D., M.R.C.S., formerly of Ware, Herts, but late of No. 15, Brunswick-road, Brighton, who died on Oct. 22 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Edward Hanly and John Bernard O'Reilly, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator bequeaths his personal effects to his son John Joseph Philips Ignatius O'Reilly. The residue of the personalty and all his real estate are to be divided between his three children, John, Mary, and Augusta.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1872) of General Sir Thomas Reed, G.C.B., formerly of Amfield House, and late of Baddesley Manor, Romsey, in the county of Southampton, who died on July 24 last, has been proved by Dame Elizabeth Jane Reed, the widow, and John James Hamilton Humphreys, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator leaves all his personal property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood; then, as to £2500 thereof, for his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Jane Dumbleton, and, as to the residue, for his son Francis James Buchanan Reed.

The *Pall-Mall Gazette* states that the title by which Mr. Tennyson is to be raised to the Peerage, and which has been approved by her Majesty, is that of "Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in the county of Sussex, and of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight."

Sir Thomas Brassey's steam-yacht, the *Sunbeam*, arrived in Plymouth on Sunday from the Azores, after a three-months' cruise, with Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey and a large party. The *Sunbeam* has been to several ports in the West Indies, and also to La Guayra, whence she steamed to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. While at Bermuda, Sir Thomas, in his capacity as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, made an official inspection of the dockyard.

CORPULENCY.

"We have been looking over a few original testimonials recently received by Mr. F. C. RUSSELL, late of Connaught Chambers, High Holborn, London, whose remedy for the Cure of CORPULENCY is now attracting so much attention; and really it would seem that ladies and gentlemen who have the misfortune to be uncomfortably stout need be so no longer. From these letters, which are evidently genuine and unsolicited, it appears that 3 lb., 4 lb., and 5 lb. weekly reduction in weight is nothing unusual, and, in some cases, even 6 lb. of superfluous fat have been removed in THE COURSE OF ONE WEEK. This must surely be considered satisfactory even by the most exacting, when it is remembered that the remedy is purely vegetable, and contains nothing at all likely to injure the most delicate constitution. With regard to the general effect of this medicine upon the health, the writers of these letters are certainly unanimous. Whenever the subject is referred to, they one and all invariably speak with pleasure of the gradual disappearance of that feeling of oppression which is so common with stout persons, especially after meals; and what is also greatly in favour of Mr. RUSSELL'S preparation is the fact that, besides being efficacious, it is extremely agreeable to take, having no unpleasant smell, or anything

of the kind, making (as one lady suggests in her letter), a 'pleasant summer drink,' when largely diluted with water. After all, it is scarcely a hardship to be fat with such an agreeable antidote; it is not often we can smack our lips over our physic, and one is almost inclined to envy those who are under the necessity of taking it. But, seriously speaking, we congratulate Mr. RUSSELL. CORPULENCY is an incubus, the full inconvenience of which none but those whom it oppresses can understand, and Mr. RUSSELL deserves the best thanks of those who have benefited by the remedy he is introducing with much evident success."

"We notice that the simple Recipe from which Mr. RUSSELL'S preparation is made is free to all who take the trouble to apply for it. We should think this arrangement is a rather too liberal one for Mr. RUSSELL'S interests, besides being open to the objection that the prescription compounded by inexperienced persons is likely to fail in its object. It is, however, perhaps the best method to adopt for making the remedy widely known, and also for inspiring confidence in those who propose trying this treatment, as it clearly demonstrates the harmlessness of the preparation."—From the "Monmouth Telegraph."

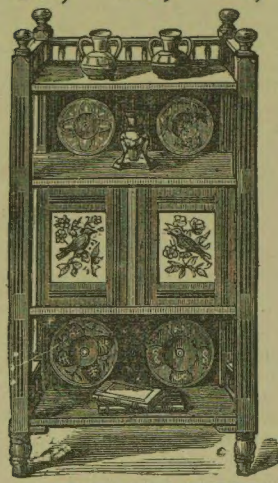
The Prescription for the Cure of Corpulence, Perfectly Harmless, and Thoroughly Efficacious, Will be Sent Free to any Lady or Gentleman, Readers of the "Illustrated London News," on receipt of Stamped Address, to any Part of the World.

ADDRESS, MR. F. C. RUSSELL, 15, GOWER-STREET, BEDFORD-SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

THIS PAPER SHOULD BE MENTIONED.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT
(REGISTERED).

67, 69, 71, 73, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD-ROAD, NEAR TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON.

EARLY ENGLISH EBONIZED
CABINET,
1 ft. 10 in. wide by 3 ft. 5 in. high, with
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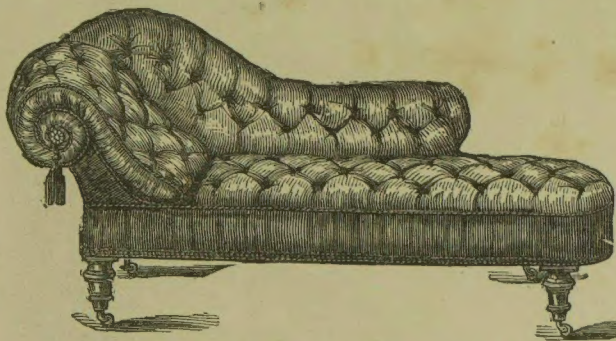
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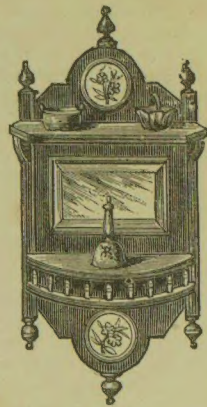
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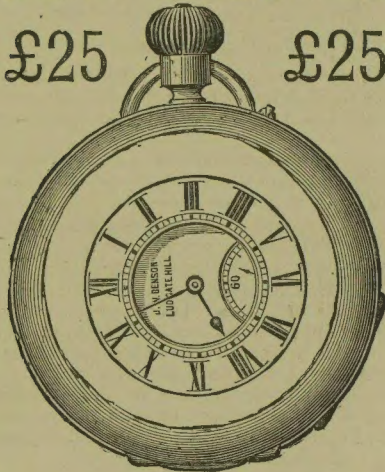
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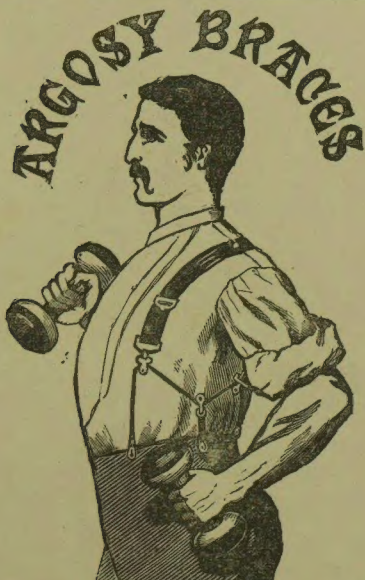
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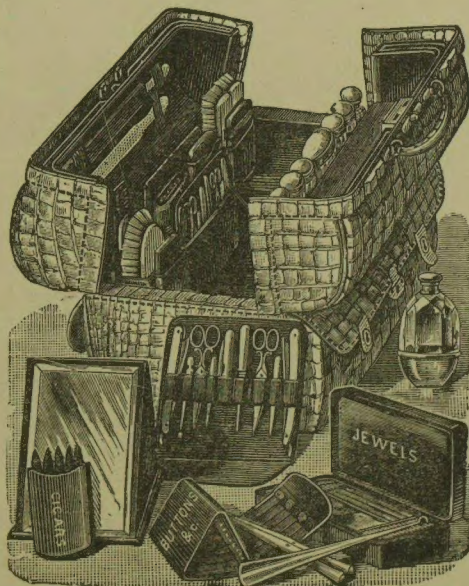
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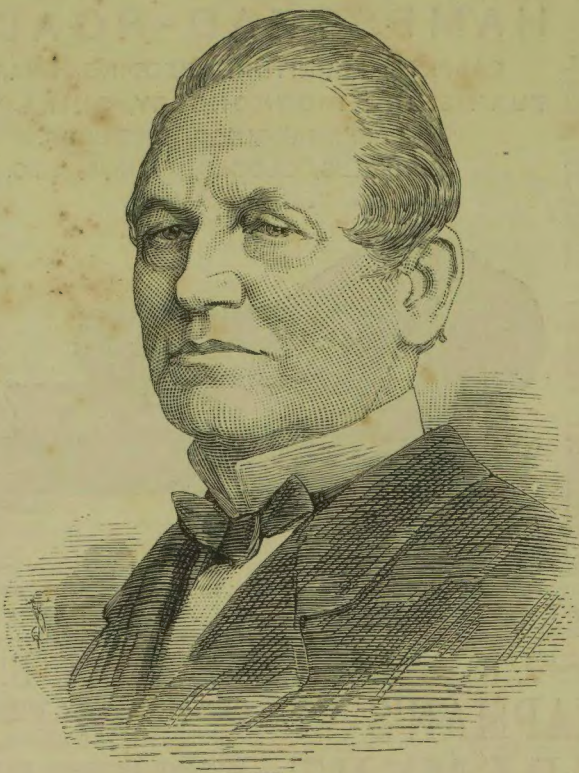


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THE LATE MR. T. HOLLOWAY.

Mr. Thomas Holloway, the well-known manufacturer of patent medicines, died of bronchitis, at his residence, Tittenhurst, near Sunningdale, Berks, on Wednesday week, at the advanced age of eighty-four. His name will long be remembered for the munificence which he showed in the closing years of his life. In 1873 he put aside a quarter of a million sterling to erect, for the use of the middle classes, an asylum for the insane, called the Sanatorium, at St. Ann's-hill, near Virginia Water, and he subsequently bestowed a very large additional sum of money upon its completion and endowment. A few years later he gave another quarter of a million, and promised £100,000 additional for endowment, for a building to be called the Holloway College for the Higher Education of Women. The first brick of this building was laid in September, 1879, at Mount Lee, Egham, and its erection has since been proceeded with. It is intended to be a memorial of Mr. Holloway's wife, who died some years ago. The governors of the college are twenty-one persons, to be appointed partly by the University of London, partly by the Corporation of London and the Corporations of Windsor and Reading. It is stipulated that a certain number of the governors shall always be women. Religious opinions are not in any way to affect the qualification for a governor. It is the founder's desire that power by Act of Parliament, Royal charter, or otherwise, should be eventually sought to enable the college to confer degrees, after due examination; but that until such power is obtained the students shall qualify themselves to pass the Women's Examination of the London University, or any examination open to women at any of the existing Universities of the United Kingdom. But the governors will be empowered to provide instruction in any subject or branch of knowledge which shall appear to them, from time to time, most suitable for the education of women. Proficiency in classics is not to entitle students to rewards above those equally proficient in other branches of knowledge. It is intended to provide twenty founder's scholarships, of the value of £40 each, tenable for not more than two years in the college. No professor will be required to submit to any test concerning his or her religious opinion. Students will have the right to attend the services of the Church of England, or of any sect or denomination which their parents or guardians may desire. The domestic life of the college is to be that of "an orderly Christian household," with a daily simple service, the reading of a portion of Scripture, and a form of prayer approved by the governors. The principal of the college will be a lady, and duly qualified lady physicians and surgeons are to be resident in the college. Every student will have a separate bed-room and sitting-room; and there will be accommodation for two hundred and fifty. The building, designed by Mr. W. H. Crossland, architect of the Holloway Sanatorium, is a noble edifice, in the French Renaissance style, comprising two large quadrangles, with internal arcades or cloisters, and contains a thousand rooms, a chapel, library, museum, picture gallery, music-room, and dining-hall, of fine proportions and handsomely decorated. Mr. Holloway, who was a great picture-buyer, has given to the College a collection of works of art valued at £90,000. The endowments of the College and the Sanatorium are committed to the charge of trustees—Mr. George Martin and Mr. Henry Driver, the brothers-in-law of Mr. Holloway.

The Holloway Sanatorium, which has cost, including the endowments, about £350,000, is to be partly self-supporting. It is for the reception, during twelve months and no longer, of curable cases of mental disease, and is intended for patients of the middle class, such as professional men, clerks, teachers, and governesses, as those of the lower working class are provided for in the public asylums. There is accommodation for four hundred patients, male and female. We present an illustration of the building, which stands on a rising ground in pleasure-grounds of twenty-two acres extent, close to the Virginia Water station of the London and South-Western Railway. It is of red brick, dressed with stone, with a lofty tower, and with a front designed by the architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, in the English Renaissance style. The



THE LATE MR. THOMAS HOLLOWAY.

interior decorations have been designed and executed by various hands, under the direction of Mr. George Martin; and it is considered that the sight of them may have a distinctly beneficial effect on the minds of the patients. With the exception of the massive grey marble top of the balustrade, the whole of the entrance-hall and of the staircase is painted and gilt with figures and patterns, arabesque and grotesque, which are of immense variety, and are really beautiful, as well as cheerful and ingenious. The entertainment or recreation hall is remarkable for a splendid gilded roof, and for a profusion of gilding and other decorative work on the walls and behind the platform. Portraits of distinguished persons by Mr. Girardot and other artists form part of the decoration scheme, and add interest to it. In the refectory, which is a very fine apartment, the adornments consist of a series of paintings in the style of Watteau, forming a frieze, above which are smaller groups in lunettes. In the smaller parlours and living rooms the same purpose of attractiveness and suggestiveness is carried out. All the internal arrangements are admirably planned, as well for maintaining general health as for isolating special cases of disease, for providing that attendants shall unobtrusively live close to the patients confided to their charge, and for conveying an idea of freedom combined with active surveillance. The kitchen is most skilfully contrived and fitted up for cooking food for five hundred or more persons at once. To make all complete, there is a model laundry in an entirely separate building, and pretty red brick houses have been built for such of the staff of the establishment as are not obliged to sleep in the main building. There is a separate building for a chapel. The pleasure-grounds are planted with thousands of young trees and shrubs, and there are gardens, with a terrace on which patients may enjoy the sunshine and pure air. The Portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

ROYAL ACADEMY PRIZE WORKS.

On December 10, that day being the 115th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, the customary distribution was made by the President of the prizes won by the students of the schools in the last competition; and Sir Frederick Leighton, following the example set by the first President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, delivered on the occasion an eloquent address on art in some of its aspects. At the distribution Sir Frederick observed that in five classes of the competition very excellent work had been brought before the members of the Academy, and all will agree with the President's opinion, who saw the competitive collection on the evening of the 10th, or on the two succeeding days, when they were on view at Burlington House to the public.

We have engraved the works which carried off the four gold medals given this year, and also one of those to which were awarded silver medals. First comes the competition in historical painting, the prize being the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200. The subject given to the students was "St. Peter Denying Christ," and the successful work, of which we present a double-page illustration, was by William Mouat Loudan.

In the competition in Sculpture, "a composition" subject prescribed, "Socrates Teaching the People in the Agora," the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 were awarded to Henry Bates, and nothing in the several competitions was more admired than the spirited work by this ripe artist, which we have engraved.

In the competition in architecture for the corresponding gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 the subject proposed was "An Academy of Arts," and the winner is Edwin George Hardy.

In the competition in landscape painting for the "Turner Gold Medal" and scholarship of £50—so called because provided for in the great landscape painter's bequest to the Royal Academy, the theme given was indicated by the following lines from Tennyson's "Lu Memoriam":—

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

The work which carried off this prize was by Robert Octavius Rickatson, who also won the Creswick scholarship last year. He was a pupil of the West London School of Art.

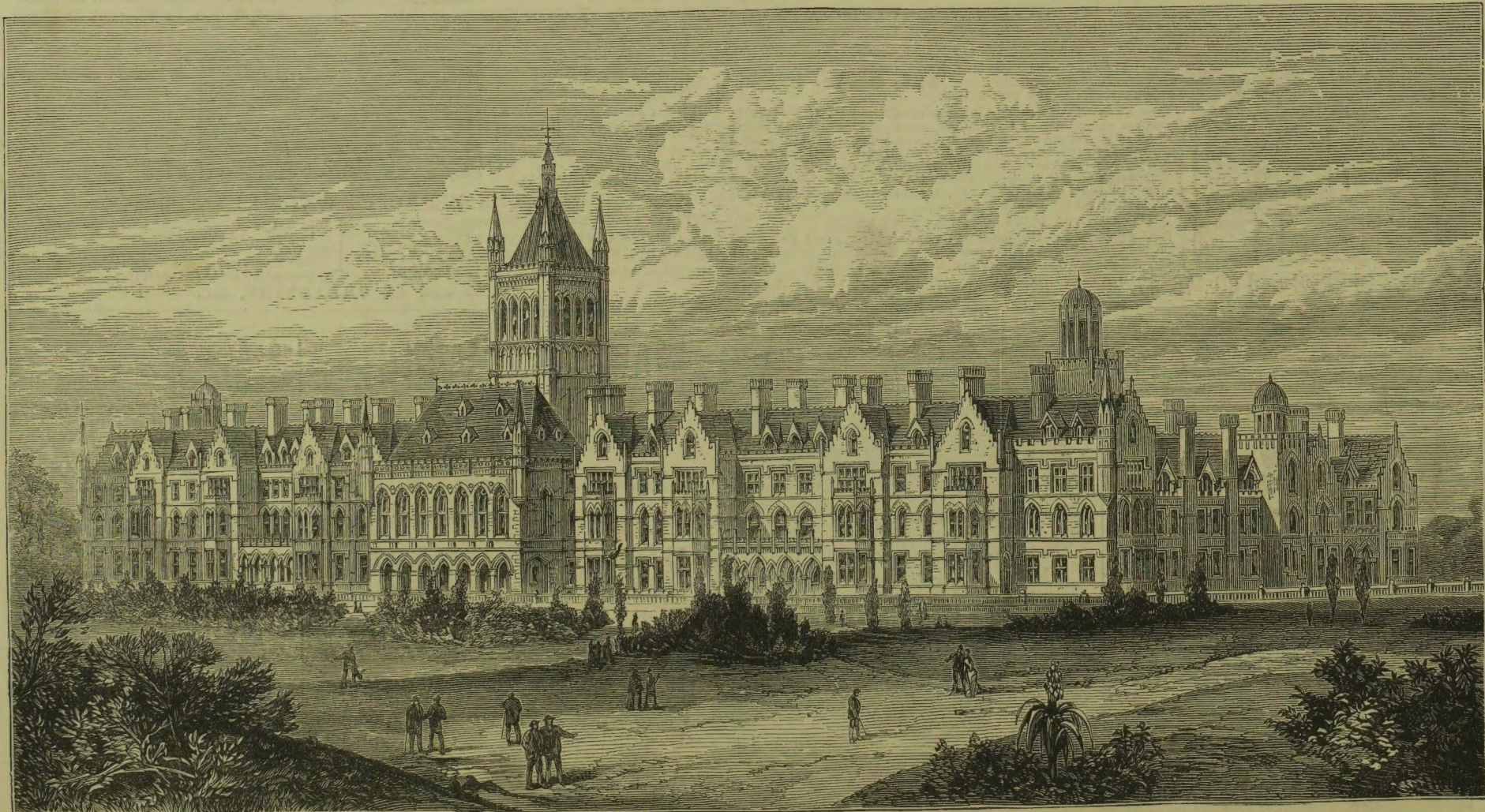
In the competition of a cartoon of a draped figure, the incident given for illustration was Antigone pouring the offerings over the dead body of her brother—

... from a vase of bronze well-wrought, upraised,
She pours the three libations o'er the dead—

the "Antigone" of Sophocles. The silver medal and prize of £25 were awarded to Maurice William Greiffenhagen.

The Creswick prize of £30 for landscape painting, "An Old English Country Inn," was gained by H. A. Olivier; the £40 prize for decorative design, "The Angel appearing to the Shepherds," by Margaret Dicksee; the first prize, £50, for six drawings of a figure from the life, by J. E. Breun; and that for three models of a life figure, by G. J. Frampton; but there was no award of the first prizes in several departments of figure painting and modelling.

The life-boats of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution during the past year saved 726 lives. Thirty vessels were also through their instrumentality saved from becoming total wrecks. Besides this the life-boats were launched no less than 149 times in reply to signals of distress; but either from the signals having been made in error or other causes the life-boats returned to shore, the crews having risked their lives to no purpose. During the year the institution granted rewards for rescuing 230 lives by means of shore-boats and fishing-boats, so that a total of 956 lives have been saved through its operations in the last twelve months. Since its formation it has contributed to the saving of 29,628 lives. To carry on this good work the committee appeal to the public for increased support. The institution has a fleet of 274 life-boats under its management.



THE HOLLOWAY SANATORIUM FOR MENTAL DISEASE, AT VIRGINIA WATER.